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Contents

	PAGE
NOTES BY THE STAFF EDITOR—By L. F. C. K. T. ...	1
A PANDITARAJA AT THE MUGHAL COURT—By V. A. Ramaswami Sastri, B.A., (Hons.) ...	7
THE REJECTION OF FALSTAFF—By K. P. K. Menon, B.A. (Hons.)	12
THE TRAGEDY OF LIFE—By Bhagat Ram Kumar, M.A. (Oxon.)...	19
SOME PHILOSOPHICAL DIGRESSIONS—By C.T.S. ...	24
INDIAN LAND REVENUE—SOME LINES OF REFORM—By M. K. Muniswami, B.A. (Hons.) ...	29
THE ORIGIN OF THE MAURYAS—By R. Sathianathaier, M.A., L.T.	33
THE PRIVILEGE OF DRESS—By K. B. T. MATHEW, B.A. (Cantab.).	37
"A FEW TYPES"—By "Bore"	42
THE SELF IN MAN—By G. S.	46
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MOUSE—By S. Ramadasan.	49
CO-OPERATION, ITS ORIGIN AND GROWTH AND CO-OPERATIVE EDUCATION—By R. Souri Rajan ...	52
"NEVER MIND!"—By S. K. Y.	58
MOFFUSIL TEACHERS—By P. R. D.	60
OUR KODAIKANAL EXCURSION—By S. Mahadevan..	64
TRUE FRIENDSHIP—By K. S. Sivaraman	67
ON THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE USE OF "MR." AND "ESQ."—By L. F. C. K. T.	72

CONTENTS—(*Contd.*)

PAGE

MYSELF—By "Santa" 73

THE ENIGMA OR "WHAT DOES IT MEAN?"—By R. N. Rajan 80

THE FATE OF GENIUS—By S. Sankara Narayanan... 84

ASOKA'S GREATNESS—By A. N. Subramanian ... 86

ANOTHER ARTICLE ON SNUFF—By T. Nagarajan... 90

OUR UNIVERSITY AND WHY IT SHOULD BE A SUCCESS—By H. Runganadhan 94

CHOLA TIMES—By V. Subrahmaniyam 100

A STUDY OF THE CONDITION OF LABOUR IN GOLDEN ROCK—By "Observer" 104

CONVERSATION IN SOCIETY—By V. R. S. . .. 107

ON WRITING FOR THE MISCELLANY—By A. V. Krishnaswami 111

AN EXCURSION—By T. P. N. 114

AN ESSAY ON "KALAVOZHUKAM" (THE PATH OF SECRET LOVE)—By V. Balakrishnan 119

A PAGE OF TRANSLATIONS—By Translated by L. F. C. K. T. 124

OUR COMPETITION 127

NOTES 128

THE UNIVERSITY AND INTER-COLLEGIATE SPORTS 137

THE ANNAMALAI UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC CLUB 139

THE ANNAMALAI UUNIVERSITY STUDENTS' CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY ... 140

சென்னை-600 005

214 N29

N30.2

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR AND THE TEACHING STAFF OF ANNAMALAI UNIVERSITY

Notes by the Staff Editor

The first number of the Miscellany has been accorded a warm reception by its readers and, though the proverb says that "self-praise is not a recommendation," the Editors have every reason to congratulate themselves on the "get up", appearance, and formal of our literary bantling, while the merits of the articles contributed are fully worthy of the learned scholars and earnest students who produced them. Speaking as one who has had a fairly large acquaintance with College and student Magazines abroad, I think that our Miscellany would not need to fear any disparaging criticism if it were produced in England or America and had to stand comparison with magazines of a similar nature there. Many Colleges, both in India and abroad, turn out far less interesting and attractive productions.

To use the current vulgarism, it is now "up to us" to see that there is no falling off from the promise of the first number. By "us" is meant primarily the members of the University and only in a secondary sense the Editors. We, on our part, shall do our best to keep up the Miscellany's prestige, but it will of course be appreciated that we can do little or nothing except upon what is supplied to us. In fact, our function is very like that which Immanuel Kant attributed to his "categories of the mind" as contrasted with its "data" or Aristotle's "intellectual forms" in their relation to "matter." In saying this we do not, of course, mean to imply that the materials supplied to us are in any way "formless" or that the Editors are specially "intellectual!"

It cannot be too much insisted on that the Miscellany is chiefly a students' magazine. While at present we largely depend upon the contributions of the Staff to swell our proportions to magazine size, we should like all student

readers to realize clearly that it is intended to be *their* magazine. An official University Magazine will in due course be constituted by the authorities and will be the natural receptacle for contributions to research, some specimens of which appeared in the first number.

The photos in the first number did not "come out" as clearly as could be wished, but the attention of the printers is being drawn to this and we hope that the photos of the Staff and Honours students in this issue will be more successful. By the time these lines are in print our readers will be able to judge.

The Magazine's new cover or "jacket" is artistic and in a nice quiet colour, and is, we venture to think, on the whole, an improvement. It need be no secret that the design is due to the talented pencil of Mr. S. K. Govindaswami, B.A. (Hons).

The design is emblematic and represents the Muse in the act of watering the "Tree of Knowledge", in which the arts of painting and music are prominent among the "fruits of learning", and the national "vina" is portrayed with special reference to the Rajah Annamalai Music College which is an important feature in our College life, and will, it is hoped, be in due course incorporated into the University.

Owing to delay on the part of the printers the Miscellany for September did not make its appearance until the third week in November. Representations have been made in this matter and a promise has been received that the printing will henceforth be done within one month.

Two numbers at least will be published during each academic year usually in October and January. Whether it will be possible to publish a third (or summer) number is rather doubtful because (*a*) sufficient matter for an extra number may not be readily forthcoming during the weeks of feverish preparation for Examinations and (*b*) it is not clear yet whether our finances will allow of 3 issues a

year. Our only income at present is one Rupee per student.

It has been decided for the present to give a free copy to members of the Staff. Whether it will be possible to continue to do so will depend upon the balance to our credit (if any) on the 30th June next.

Complimentary copies of the first issue with an appropriate printed slip have been sent to H. E. the Chancellor, to the Founder, to the members of the Syndicate, and to the chief newspapers and periodicals of the Presidency as well as to those Colleges who have been in the habit of sending us their magazines in the past, together with all "first-grade" Colleges.

Suggestions for novel features, especially for items which may run serially, are invited. *Short stories* and *original* (or translated) *verse* will also be particularly welcome.

While it is our policy to run a magazine on English lines and it is desired that contributions in that language should occupy the main bulk of the Miscellany, the Magazine will henceforth be open to contributions in Tamil and other South Indian vernaculars. Any such received will be printed together at the end of the Magazine. Contributors using scripts other than Tamil will be asked to arrange for their own proof-correction.

Among the new features in the present number we are glad to welcome two caricatures from Mr. S. K. Govindaswami. Such caricatures will appear regularly and will no doubt be looked forward to by our readers. The same Artist also promises to give us a few original studies in the spirit and illustrative of the chief Indian schools of Painting, Buddhist, Rajput, Mogul and Modern Bengali.

Is there an inexhaustible maker of short, *snappy*, Aristophanic, jokes, full of "gin" and "pep" (or, if you prefer it, "Attic salt")? There is always room for three or four of these at the bottom of an odd page. Please come

forward, you budding Rabelaises, Pascals and Mark Twains among the students.

Are any of you moved with "divine discontent" at things as they are? Turn your "grouse" into a squib, pasquinade, or pun. This is, we believe, what the Psycho-Analysts call "sublimation." The greatest satirist of antiquity said that his "mocks and flouts" were made by "saeva indignatio" (savage indignation.) Let us hope that no one feels as bad as that here! Anyhow, it is a safety-valve.

Another suggestion—this time to the Staff. We have so far only had the text of one inaugural lecture. It is, of course, understood that many lecturers would prefer to keep their addresses (*i. e.*, extension or other lectures) for ultimate publication in book form, especially where a series is given. But now and again we hope to have the pleasure and privilege of reproducing single lectures given on special occasions.

The attention of the various student secretaries and other officials who are responsible for collecting information for the Notes at the end of the magazine relating to University and Hostel doings is invited to the desirability of sending in to the Editors early notice of what they desire to see published. The MSS should be sent in, if possible, by September 15th and December 15th for the respective numbers, and it will help the editing and keep the magazine up-to-date if a supplementary paragraph, containing a report of the functions, etc., held while the "copy" is passing through the Press, is sent *within four weeks* of the first report. In the event of an additional number being published during the academic year the same remarks apply. Otherwise, the information supplied next September should cover the entire period from January, 1930 down to that date.

It is earnestly hoped that those concerned will send in their "copy" for the "Notes" for future numbers in

good time, without waiting to be asked to do so, and thus contribute their share towards making the Miscellany a success.

The Crossword Puzzle (Judge—Mr. K. Swaminathan) has been solved by several students. Among those who sent in correct solutions lots were cast and the result was in favour of the two following:—

(1) M. K. Arumukham (1st Class.)

(2) C. P. Damodara Menon (III Hons.)

Five rupees have been paid to each of these gentlemen.

We may take this opportunity of saying that it is intended that only student members of the University should be eligible for any prizes awarded through the Miscellany.

ERRATA.

This is our "locus pœnitentiæ" or stool of repentance. Among the oversights in the last number we have to apologise for the following. It is only fair, however, to say that the "Contents page" was not submitted for proof-revision and that error No. 2 was committed at the Press. For the last two the Editors alone are responsible.

1. Some contributors received the title "Esq." on the contents page and in the Notes at the end; others were plain "Mr." and others had no "handle" to their names at all. No invidious distinction was, of course, intended. (A note, for the guidance of student Secretaries and others, concerning the use of these titles appears on another page.)
2. The title of the able article on Shakespeare, though given in full at the head of the article, was, unfortunately, truncated by the printer in the page-headings.
3. The article above referred to is not signed, but

that is due primarily to the writer, who, (perhaps from an excess of modesty,) omitted to sign his article at the foot. It was originally given as an address to the English Language and Literature Society by Mr. T. N. Jagadisan (V Year Honours student.) The omission was not noticed on correcting the proof.

4. The student Group-photo was of the old IV (B) 1928-29 class, whose results in the Madras University B.A. Degree Examination are reported on another page. They have the proud distinction of being the first batch to be sent up for Examination by Annamalai University, though the credit of their success belongs to the old teachers of Sri Minakshi College (though, no doubt also partly to (themselves !) Through an over the photograph was reproduced without any lettering at the foot.

N.B:—Contributors are particularly requested to be good enough to take care that their full names (and titles, if required) or initials, *exactly as they want them to be printed,* are legibly written *at the foot* (right-hand corner) of their contribution before it is sent in. The Editors cannot be responsible for accidental omissions if this be not done. If it is desired to remain anonymous either a "nom-de-plume" or feigned initials should be adopted.

ANNAMALAINAGAR
15th December, 1929

L. F. C. K. T.

A Panditaraja at the Mughal Court

In the galaxy of Sanskrit poet-rhetoricians, Jagannatha Pandita is a luminary of the greatest magnitude. His important contributions to Sanskrit Literature are: two works, the Rasagangadhara and the Chitramimamsakhandana in Sanskrit Poetics; a unique production, the Manoramakuchamardana in Sanskrit Grammar; five famous Laharis (devotional poems), the Sudha Lahari, the Amrita Lahari, the Lakshmi Lahari, the Karuna Lahari and the Ganga Lahari; three biographical works, the Pranabharana (with tika), the Jagadabharana and the Asaphavilasa; the Bhaminivilasa and the Yamunavarnanakhyayika. Even on a cursory glance of these works, the modern Sanskrit student would unhesitatingly subscribe to the generally accepted view that Jagannatha Pandita has astonishingly combined in himself the two apparently opposite elements—*creative* faculty and *appreciative* genius.

Jagannatha Pandita was a Tailinga (Telugu) Brahmin descended from an ancient family named *veginad*. His father was Perubhatta, one of the foremost literary scholars of his age. His mother was called Lakshmi. [See the last verse of the *Pranabharana* and the colophon to *Bhaminivilasa*]. Under his learned father he studied all branches of knowledge except Sanskrit Grammar in which he acquired proficiency under the able tutorship of Sesaviresvara who had taught Grammar to his father. [See the *Rasagangadhara* and the *Manoramakuchamardana*].

When he became a full-blown Sanskrit scholar, he went one day to the King of his own province with some eulogistic verses on him. But the King did not welcome the young and enthusiastic Jagannatha. Quite enraged at the unexpected attitude of the Andhra King, he left his

province for ever and proceeded to Jeypore. There he became a champion of Learning and started a Sanskrit School under his own management. He thereafter met a '*Yavana*' (Muhammadan) scholar, well-versed in Persian language and religion. Jagannatha who is also said to be a good scholar in Persian, engaged him in many hot discussions and finally defeated him. The Yavana Pandit went back to Delhi in dejection and informed Shahjahan, the then emperor of Delhi that Jagannatha was a scholar of unrivalled eminence. This made him very popular in the Mughal Court. On the request of Shahjahan, afterwards, Jagannatha shifted his residence from Jeypore to Delhi and happily spent his youth in the Mughal Court as a recognised man of letters. His fame as a poet and literary critic attained its zenith, when Shahjahan conferred upon him the honourable title of '*Panditaraja*' (Prince of Pandits) [See the introductory passage of the *Asaphavilasa*]. That the patronage extended to Jagannatha by the emperor and his son Dara Shuksh and his vizier Asaf Khan knew no bounds is well attested by Jagannatha's excessive loyalty and devotion, clearly seen in his *Jagadabharana* and *Asaphavilasa.*

Some time after, probably when signs of political and religious dissensions were witnessed in the Mughal empire, Jagannatha left Delhi and settled in the court of Kamatadhipa, the king of Kamata or the modern Assam. Jagannatha's work *Pranabharana* testifies to the fact that he enjoyed the high favour of Prananarayana who was a Mughal vassal and lord of Kamata, 'which then included the four districts of Rangpur, Kuch Bihar, Goalpura and Kamrup'. Prof. Jadunath Sarkar says that Prananarayana died in A.D. 1666 (History of Aurangazeb Vol. III. Page 192) and in all probability Jagannatha would have left Kamata for ever by that time. It is not definitely known whether Jagannatha spent his last days—days of renunciation—at Mathura or at Benares (See the *Bhaminivilasa*)

They were days of misery and disgust owing to the untimely death of his wife and son.

Jagannatha Pandita can be well assigned to the Seventeenth Century in the light of the following data :—

(1) Jagannatha's father's teacher of Mimamsa was Khandadevamisra who, in his *Bhattakaustubha* paid his respects to Appaiya Dikshita by calling him by the honorefic name 'Mimamsaka Murdhanya'. Hence Khandadeva might be a young contemporary of Appaiya Dikshita. And since Perubhatta, Jagannatha's father, and Khandadeva—pupil and teacher—ought to be of same period, Jagannatha might be at least by two decades later than Appaiya Dikshita, who lived most probably between A.D. 1520 and 1593. (See Y. Mahalinga Sastri's two articles on *The Age and Life of Sri Appaiya Dikshita* in the Journal of Oriental Research, Madras).

(2) Nagesa Bhatta, the reputed author in Sanskrit Grammar and Alankara Sastra, and the protege of King Rama of Srngiverapura, is believed to have refused the presidency when the Asvamedha sacrifice was performed by Jayasing, King of Jeypore, in A.D. 1714 on the ground that he (Nagesa) was then at Benares on a religious vow. (*See B. G. Bal's introduction to the Bhaminivilasa*). That Nagesabhatta was only removed by two generations from Jagannatha is clear from the following table :—

Sesa-sri-Krishna

Bhatta Dikshita (disciple) | Sesaviresvara (son & disciple)

Viresvara Dikshita (son & disciple) | Perubhatta and Jagannatha (disciples)

Hari Dikshita (son & disciple)

Nagesa Bhatta (disciple)

(3) Shahjahan who reigned between A. D. 1628 and 1658, conferred upon Jagannatha the title of Panditaraja; and Jagannatha's life in the Mughal Court must have come to a close by 1641 in which year Asaf Khan died, and Jagannatha laments over this event as a deadly blow to his own position in the Mughal Court.

(4) After 1641, Jagannatha in all probability went to Kamata (Assam) and flourished there as the foremost Sanskritist under the benevolent patronage of King Prananarayana, who died only in A. D. 1666.

On the basis of these historical facts, some of the traditional beliefs may be discredited:—(1) that Appaiya Dikshita, an elder contemporary of Jagannatha, asked him at Benares to compose a devotional poem on the sacred river Ganges (Ganga Lahari) as an acid test of his *bhakti* (devotion to God); (2) that Bhattoji Dikshita, a disciple of Appaiya Dikshita, called Jagannatha a '*Mlechcha*' in an assembly of Pandits (as Nagesabhatta says) and was therefore a contemporary of Jagannatha; and (3) that Jagannatha was polluted by his *liaison* with a 'Yavana' woman. Of these three beliefs, the *first* is a mere conjecture and it is based on the simple fact that Jagannatha, as an independent thinker, had to attack certain theories in Alankarasastra expounded by Appaiya Dikshita in the *Chitramimamsa* and the *Kuvalayananda*. The *second* would be more probable than the first and it emphasizes also Jagannatha's antipathy to and contempt for Bhattoji Dikshita as a '*Gurudrohin*' (see the introductory to passage of the *Manoramakucamardana*). It would be quite probable that Jagannatha who was strongly prejudiced against Bhattoji Dikshita, found also in Appaiya Dikshita an implacable literary foe. The *third* belief also is not based on facts. In no work of Jagannatha do we find a single reference to a 'Yavana' woman; The reference to a 'Bhamini' in his Bhaminivilasa, may be to his own *wife*. The verses referring to a 'Yavana' beauty—

'*yavani navanitakomalangi*' etc.—may well be those of his literary rivals whom he excelled in learning and position.

V. A. RAMASWAMI SASTRI, B. A. (HONS.)
Mimamsa Siromani, Lecturer in Sanskrit.

9—12—29.

The Rejection of Falstaff

The rejection of Falstaff is one of the stumbling-blocks in our appreciation of Shakespeare, and every reader is perplexed with the question, " What do we feel, and what are we meant to feel, as we witness this rejection ? And what does our feeling imply as to the characters of Falstaff and the new King ? "

Bradley in one of his " Oxford Lectures " attempts an answer to these questions. He first considers the explanations which have been put forward, and after refuting them, advances his own theory. The first of these interpretations which he sets aside without discussion is that Shakespeare " meant us throughout the two plays (the two parts of " Henry IV ") to regard Falstaff with disgust or indignation, so that we naturally feel nothing but pleasure at his fall." This idea is palpably absurd, because it implies only an inability to understand Shakespeare. The second, and more ingenious, suggestion is that " Falstaff having listened to the King's speech did not seriously hope to be sent for by him in private; he fully, realised the situation at once and was only making game of Shallow; and in his immediate turn upon Shallow when the King goes out, ' Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound' we are meant to see his humorous superiority to any rebuff, so that we end the play with the delightful feeling that while Henry has done the right thing, Falstaff, in his outward overthrow, has still proved himself inwardly invincible." But the sequel to the story shows that this interpretation is also untenable, because we have the irrefutable testimony of several persons to show that he died of a broken heart. Mrs. Quickly's belief that " the King has killed his heart " is echoed by Nym when he says, " The King hath run bad humours on the Knight " and Pistol sets the seal of agreement with :—

"Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted and corroborate"

Bradley then advances his own theory. What makes us resent the rejection, says he, is not only the disappointment of Falstaff but the conduct of the King. We could understand Henry's determination to separate himself from Sir John on his accession to the throne. What we could not tolerate is the means adopted by him in achieving this end. If the King had only communicated in a private interview, his decision of banishing the Knight a distance of ten miles from his own person, we should have felt no resentment against Henry. But the King's utterance in public renders a private warning, even if he desired one, impossible, and he entrusts the Chief Justice with the task of imprisoning Falstaff. The other thing that we resent is the King's sermon—both ungenerous and insincere, even dishonest.

And here is Bradley's explanation of the matter. Henry, though he is the most distinctively English of all Shakespeare's men, is neither the dramatist's ideal of a man of action, or even of man as such; and for all his superiority to his father, he is still the son of a man whom Hotspur called a "vile politician". Though genuinely pious, he is also superstitious, and the strain of policy which was a leading trait in his father's character, is also a conspicuous feature of Henry V himself. And further, there is no sign in him of a strong affection for anyone. The Prince's soliloquy (I Part of Henry IV, Act I, Sc. II) is a confirmation of this view. He has inherited from his father the habit of making others his tools for gaining his own ends. The truth is, says Bradley, Henry never had a sincere affection for Falstaff; he had "a liking for Falstaff and Poins, but no more: there is no more than a liking". Thus he suggests that "Henry's conduct in the rejection of Falstaff is in perfect keeping with his character" and that "Shakespeare *intended* us to feel resentment against

Henry." But yet Shakespeare wanted the play to end pleasantly and agreeably, although he made Henry's action consistent. And the truth of the whole thing, concludes Bradley, is that "in the Falstaff Scenes he (Shakespeare) overshot his mark. He created so extraordinary a being, and fixed him so firmly on the intellectual throne, that when he sought to dethrone him, he could not". Nevertheless he endeavoured, especially in the Second Part of Henry IV, to work a gradual change in our feelings towards Falstaff. Here, unlike what he does in Part I, Shakespeare separates Henry as much as he can from Sir John; and further, the dramatist exhibits more and more of the seamy side of the Knight's character, and finally his sordidness is fully exposed, and the dangerousness emphasised immediately before the rejection. "Yet all these excellent devices fail . . . As I said, in the creation of Falstaff, he overreached himself. He was caught upon the wind of his own genius and carried so far that he could not descend to earth at the selected spot."

This interpretation of the matter, besides its apparent sophistry, is highly unjust to Henry. Henry is more sinned against than sinning. Bradley says that of the two persons concerned in the rejection of Falstaff, Henry, both as Prince and as King, has received, on the whole, full justice from readers and critics. It would appear that Bradley endeavours, in this lecture, to attack Henry with a vengeance for the justice he has met with at the hands of readers, and no doubt he overshoots the mark in his denunciation of the King's character. It may be true, as Hazlitt said, that Falstaff is, and remains, the better man of the two. We can also admit with Quiller-Couch that as between two mortal men of this world, Henry was the wronger, Falstaff the wronged; and again that "white hairs may not become a fool and a jester, but no more does a growing beard excuse a cold prig." Henry certainly is not an angel; he

is certainly to blame for the mischief he has done in cracking a great heart. But Bradley undoubtedly overreaches himself (to borrow his own phrase), and is caught upon the wind of his own genius (which consists in the weaving of an elaborate theory convincing by its ingenuity rather than by its probability), and carried too far when he says that Henry never had any affection for Falstaff. He must indeed have been a monster among men if he had not had an ardent attachment for this huge hill of flesh.

Moreover, the impression produced by a reading of the plays, which ought to be the criterion of our judgment, does not seem to justify the statement of Bradley.

Can we not find a more human interpretation of the matter? Henry must really have been extremely fond of Falstaff, and he enjoyed the happiest hours of his life in the company of this 'plaguey round man'. But all the time, the politic and far-seeing man that he is, he must have been conscious of the fact that a day would come when the separation between himself and Falstaff would become an imperative necessity. And this explains his soliloquy in Act I Sc. II (I Part of King Henry IV), where he says that this would only be a temporary indulgence, and when he is invested with power he would shake off his evil company and habits. But within the enchanted sphere of Falstaff influence he is no longer his own master, he feels an irresistible fascination for the knight, and then we do not find him the politic hard-hearted ruler that he really is. We may apply to Hal the words which Falstaff whimsically applies to Poins.

"I am bewitched with the rogue's Company. If the rascal have not given me medicine to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines". And no wonder that Hal forgets himself in the company of a man who is not only witty

in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men. Judged by our accepted code of morality, Falstaff is certainly 'a villainous, abominable misleader of youth', an unblushing liar, 'a bolting hutch of beastliness', 'a globe of sinful continents', 'a huge bombard of sack, and 'an old white-bearded Satan'. But at the same time we are forced to confess that when we are actually reading and entering into the spirit of the Falstaff scenes, we refuse to apply this sober analysis to his character. We are carried beyond this world of prosaic reason and cold morality into a fairy land of unadulterated humour and enchantment. Hence it is that Henry is the tame slave of Falstaff's humour even against his will. Outside the range of Falstaff he is an entirely different man.

What Antony was in the presence of Cleopatra, Hal is in the company of Falstaff, with this difference, that at the proper time, the prince is able to extricate himself from the spell of the knight's charm, while Antony lives and dies as a slave of "the siren of the Mediterranean luring men to destruction", and therein consists the greatness of King Henry V.

Thus Prince Henry is incapable of resisting the charm of the knight's company. It is true that he shows himself unwilling at times to indulge in frolic and fun with Falstaff, and he even succeeds in mastering himself at the moment of serious fighting at Shrewsbury. But he relapses again into his former irresponsible mood in Part II Henry IV. Finally at the time of his coronation he rises equal to the occasion, and takes the decisive step of completely breaking his links with the corrupt and immoral companion of his youth.

But, says Bradley, it would have been decent and proper on the part of Henry if he had banished the knight in a private interview. Such a suggestion evinces the lack of a correct understanding, on the part of Bradley, of the

very nature of Falstaff's character and abilities. We have only to refer to the several attempts made by the Lord Chief Justice to broach Sir John on the matter of his evil habits—his stealing propensity, his addiction to excess of drink, and his incurring of debts which he has no means of clearing. (Act I, Sc. 2 & Act II, Sc. 1 of Part II Henry IV).

Falstaff on such occasions is as slippery as an eel. He keeps himself clear of the dangerous coast, and never gives the Chief Justice an opportunity of broaching the subject on which he intends to warn him. When such a man as Lord Gascoigne who is never swayed by any emotion, and who holds the scale of Justice so even in his hands that he does not hesitate "to rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison the immediate heir of England"—when such a man finds himself overcome by the wiles of Sir John Falstaff, it is not surprising to find that the Prince dares not trust himself in the presence of this wonderful conjuror. Henry is conscious of his own weakness; he is afraid that, alone in the Company of Sir John, he may again fall a victim to the irresistible magic of his charm. Hence he entrusts the Chief Justice with the painful task of imprisoning Falstaff. Thus in rejecting Falstaff the Prince was showing the same severity to himself as he was showing to the knight; and perhaps the separation gave a rude shock to the King himself, who, however, was able to overcome it, unlike his fellow sufferer, owing to his youth and the diversity of important affairs which engrossed his attention. Thus the rejection of Falstaff might have been as much an act of self-sacrifice on the part of the King as it was one of political necessity. Would it not be more reasonable, and more humane, to accept this interpretation of the King's action, r ather than to believe with Bradley that Henry coldly dismisses Falstaff, who, he fears, would be a clog to him after his coronation? The untenability of the latter view is further evident from the last words he addresses to Falstaff and his companions:—

For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not evil:
And as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement.

K. P. K. MENON, B.A. (Hons.)

The Tragedy of Life.

It is one of the most obvious, as well as one of the most tragic facts of life, that by far the greater part of the suffering under which mankind groans is self-imposed, either by each one of us as individuals or by one man upon another man, or by one people upon another people, or by one group upon another group. It is said that God made the country and man made the town. May it not be said with equal truth that God made man to be happy, and man has made himself unhappy? The whole of God's creation—with the single exception of man—is full of happiness, full of the joy of life, the ecstasy ef existence. But man, God's noblest creation, is also the most unhappy, the most miserable, and offering as if by contrast, his own testimony to the general rule of life—Nature is always joyus, happy, beautiful, smiling. We recognise this fact when we go to her in suffering and misery. The happiness of nature acts as a healing balm. The beauty of the sunrise and the sunset reminds us of the essential happiness of life, as the beauty of the flowers, the beauty of the rain, the beauty of the grass, the beauty of the day and the night remind us that life is worth living. The birds in the air, the fish in the water, the grasshopper on the ground and the worms in the bowels of the earth, are all full of happiness of life. The roar of the seas, the rippling of the waters, the majesty of the mountains, the grandeur of the forest, the stillness of the desert and the awfulness of the storm—do they not all bear testimony to the same grand fact of existence? And if Man is the perfection of creation, ought he not to be the happiest of all?

And yet he is the most unhappy. Why? Is it ordained by God, as the priests, the pundits, the mullas, the moulvis tell us? If so, God must be the most wicked deity

that ever came into existence, for what is more wicked than to entail unmerited suffering? And yet the same people tell us that He is the most loving, the most affectionate, the most generous of fathers. There is an obvious contradiction here; God cannot be both things at one and the same time. Is it ordained in the nature of things, in the very fact of existence, in the very fact of life? If so, there must be one set of laws for the rest of creation and a specially diabolical set of laws for human creation, for the whole of the rest of God's creation bears witness to the joyous nature of life. Is it reasonable to imagine that in a world pervaded by law, such discrepancies would arise? Is it implanted in the nature of Man himself? It can not be, for do not all the religions tell us that Man is created in the image of God himself? No, we know instinctively that none of these explanations contain even the pretence of truth.

A minute's consideration shows that the load of suffering under which we groan is self-created. Man creates a crutch, a staff to support himself and lo, as if by magic, the staff is turned into a whip to scourge him. Man creates a God to give himself hope, and the God turns out to be a man-eater. Man creates a machine to help to lessen his bodily labour, and the machine soon enslaves him soul and body. Man creates a tool and it turns out to be a goad for his own torture.

Thus Religion, which was meant to be a source of comfort and of joy, because it linked up the known and the unknown, transience and eternity, life and death, present and future, bliss and suffering, justice and injustice, God and man, and man and man—has in actual fact become one of the most widespread as well as deep causes of human misery and suffering through the ages. Actually it has been synonymous with the stake and the inquisition, crusades and missionaries, riots and murders, untouchables and devadasis, purda and caste, girl-wives, girl-mothers,

girl-widows, and suttees. What crime has not been committed and defended in the name of religion? The sum total of cruelty, injustice, inhumanity, murder, plunder that has been perpetrated in the name of religion since the beginning would stagger imagination. And yet was it inevitable, was it necessary, was it unavoidable? Has it not all been self-inflicted? Religion is not like the weather, or the floods or the earthquake—a visitation of the Gods. It is man's own creation. Or even if we are so unsophisticated as to credit it with a supernatural origin, submission to all its evils has been a voluntary act on the part of man. From birth to death we all suffer under its iniquities, and yet few there are who dream of questioning their inevitable fate.

Or take again the fact of Social life itself. Government must have had its necessity in the needs of civilisation, justice, security, humanity. It is, like religion, a universal phenomenon because it answered one of the most intimate needs of human nature. It offered to reconcile liberty and freedom, strength and weakness, knowledge and ignorance, law and order, peace and security. And yet in actual practice what has been the history of this institution? Has not a great part of human suffering in the world been due to this very institution? Has not the shepherd always acted the part of the wolf? Has not Government been synonymous with internal despotism, czarism, privilege, tyranny, class domination, unjust taxation, and external wars, plunders, conquests, invasions, pillage, loot, empires, exploitations? Are not most of the crimes directly or indirectly traceable to Government? Is not theft due more to the unjust laws of private property than to the wickedness of human nature? Are not more criminals made in the jails than outside? Has not every war been caused more by the greed of the rulers than the brutality of the ruled? And if so, has not all this suffering been self-inflicted? Few will now main-

tain that Government is a divine institution. And even if we are foolish enough to admit it, the submission to all its injustice has been a voluntary act on the part of man.

Or take again the advances of Science. The various inventions of our age as of past ages were all the result of human endeavour and intelligence. They were all intended to add to the happiness of man. The spear and the sword, the horse and the elephant, and the hundreds of achievements of our own day, were all intended for the service of man. But what has been the result? Every invention, every discovery has only succeeded in making life more intolerable. War has been made more terrible than ever before, the gulf between wealth and poverty is greater than ever before, the drudgery of life is worse than ever, the beauty of life is less than ever. In the midst of plenty, there is hunger, in the midst of palaces there are slums, in the midst of beauty there is ugliness. Every advance in science has brought more suffering, every conquest over nature has proved man's moral bankruptcy. But is this not all self-inflicted?

And the same tale is repeated in every field of human life. Our suffering is self-inflicted, is voluntary. We considerably resemble the ascetic, who inflicts voluntary suffering and torture on his body in hope of future salvation. In a sense we are all ascetics with this fundamental difference, that whereas the ascetic knows that he is the cause of his own suffering, we do not. We lay it at the door of God, of fate, of circumstances, and thus reconcile ourselves to the daily misery of life. Nay, further, we even hypnotise ourselves into the belief that it is all necessary, inevitable, a spiritual factor, a virtue. No doubt the mysterious forces of nature spin a thread of life even out of our suffering, but let us not pretend it is extraneous. We build a whole fantasy of illusion round this conception of the spiritual benefit of

JOHN BULL'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT TO INDIA

suffering. But it is all a delusion, for to put your hand into the fire has no spiritual significance.

And is not this fact the greatest tragedy of life? To suffer patiently, indefinitely, when there need have been no suffering at all.

BHAGAT RAM KUMAR, M.A., (OXON).

Some Philosophical Digressions

I am the result of accidents on which I had over-control. Is this a predestined affair? If so, I am after all a prisoner, a victim of a ruthless system over which I have no control. What is this system and who is the controller? Is the controller himself a steering wheel? The fact remains that I am the result. I think, I have some intelligence and a will also. I am able to control several things. I can do anything with my body. I can insult others. I can observe a vow of celibacy or become a Don Juan. I can also murder and pass for a sage, if it is not detected, and get hanged if it is proved. Is all this will and voluntary action a self-delusion? I have come out from the womb of absolute know-nothing-ness, into a world of systematic, smooth-running reality. I see around, the same types like me with the same limitations like mine. They have got the same doubts and the same self-delusion as I have. Under such circumstances am I wrong in thinking that there is an eternal system guided by an all-powerful super-something who is himself or itself a magneto in a noisy Rolls-Royce? Or are the so-called driving and the system a mere consistent hallucination? Here comes the word "Maya", the rubber of the Upanishads and a panacea for all the diseases of the human reasoning such as doubt, the why and wherefore of things and existences. Every one knows what the followers of Sankara mean by it. I hope I will not be cursed by Sankara himself when I say that he has, after all, given a dose of chloroform for the eternally paining minds of a few sincere thinkers.

THE VEDAS

They are revelations. Are their conclusions to be taken for granted? Are they the results of a too long dose

of Soma juice? Consistency is not the only test of Truth or sound reasoning. The ultimate conclusions of the Vedas leave us again at the brink of the abyss of doubt, "*Ekam Sat Vipra Bahuna Vadanthi*"—That which exists is One but sages call it variously. Well! How far have we gone by it? If One alone is existent, why all these worries? Where is the basis even for Maya?

THE UPAINSHADS

Here are a few thoughts expressed by the Rishees of old who must have passed through the same hell of calm thinking like us. One and all of them think that experience will give the clue to the whole affair. There is no mystery or mysticism about the Upanishads. They proclaim unambiguously that this and this alone must be the Truth and also prove by reasoning how it cannot be the whole Truth. Thus by reasoning from different angles of vision we can arrive at certain facts. Bring them all together and you will become silent. You will as a matter of course arrive at the right conclusion. There seems to be some hope here. They say "Awake, arise, and get at the right kind of Guru and he will lead you to the inner shrine of Truth". If there is a false outside for it, the dignity of Truth no longer remains and some other word must be invented for the real Reality. Truth and falsehood are the two convenient terms invented by the ingenions human intellect—the result of its limitation. Understand the limitation and you arrive at Truth "Once the limitation is defined, the defining intellignce becomes, (not assumes) the only factor that counts"—Taitreya. In the end there is no such thing as limitation. Hurrah! The sense of límitation is itself a *Bhramah* i.e. wrong perception and conception together, a hallucination, a figment of imagination only. Something else that has caused the illusion is revealed. Hence is the false situation in which the intelligence was placed. But why this false situation? "You are the

cause." So long as you are the cause, you think, you have limitations and you take a particular type of shadow for its reality. All the Upanishads cry with one voice, "Seek the right guru, pratise the learning of good sastras and by experience you will yourself realize the truth." How to seek the right man? That is the whole trouble. Who is a guru?. The Upanishads describe him as one who does not expect any material benefit, (much less spiritual) from you and who cares only for your so-called development and so on. "Gu" means darkness and "Ru" means light or lantern.

OF WHAT USE THE LIGHT

Guru says, "O fool! Man or any being never really dies or ceases to exist. There is an eternal feeling of want and in the attempt to become perfect—pleasure or satisfaction is also included—man or the being changes from one body to another. He is constrained to do this, because he has not yet faced the limitations or the Grandhis. The knots or limitations are three in number—desire, the feeling of want and self-importance or egotism with their children, the six enemies of mankind, Love, Lust, Anger, Pride, Envy and Miserliness. The wheel should go on rotating as long as these Grandhis remain uncut. But why should they remain? Whence and wherefore have they come? That is Maya. Maya is not an illusion. Maya is Nature or *Swabhava*. It is as Brahman or the Reality is. Can they be the positive and the negative? There they are. Maya or Nature is as categorical and imperative as all Reality or Brahman.

In this big scheme of Brahman and Maya, now and then a solitary human being stirs up from the sleep and looks around. What about his fate? If he is really bored with the monotonous revolution of things, he comes across a well and thoroughly shoed person. Him he calls his Guru. If he is not satisfied with him, he says, "I have

come out of the same door by that I went through". If he is satisfied, the rational disciple asks, "What is the use of getting out of this only scheme of things? Had I not better remain in it for ever?" The Guru says, "The scheme remains and will go on for ever and ever in spite of millions of Sankarites. But you will become a witness of the real scheme which is hidden to other beings by their own ignorance or limitations. You can destroy the three knots and enjoy eternal bliss". "How long?", asks the disciple. The Guru says, "The long and short of it is, Time is the fulcrum of this Scheme of things. Once you realize the truth, there is then no time nor any idea of space. Time and space are the result of a wrong angle of vision, constrained of course. The objective universe must exist as a part or Nature of reality, because it is so. It must remain in spite of Mayists or Sankarites. But whatever is, need not be true. Turn round and face the devil of pre-destination and it disappears as if it never existed. The principle of pre-destination works harmoniously with the principle of will. The will, though it is independent in its sphere of activity, gets a definite turn or blend by the principle of karma. Our previous births, tendencies, training etc. will have some effect and thus even the free will acts in a particular way. This principle must and can affect only those who are still under the influence of the all-powerful Maya. It has no connection whatever with self-knowledge. We are never destined to get true knowledge or Brahma Vidya. Destiny has nothing to do with it. By good study and practice in one birth or in a number of births, Man slowly gets into the habit of getting over his karmas. He seeks a guru not because he is destined to do it but does it as a matter of intellectual necessity. The poor old karma begins to drop bit by bit. He is on the High Road to Truth. Many are the robbers on the way. Many a time he falters and faints and

again the body is changed for another. Once again the miserable fellow walks on. He is sure of conquering if there is such a thing as Absolute Truth. That is what the Upanishads say. He succeeds because by experience he feels that the light he sees, is a thing-in-itself, though what he actually sees is only a reflection of the real light and what he hears is only an echo of the real sound. An echo and a reflection! The body is the mirror and the echoing rock. Since we hear it by our ear, see it with our eyes, it is not the whole truth, because Brahman or the Reality is "not sound", "not light" and unknowable by the senses. It is beyond whatever is seen or heard because it is a higher or purer state of consciousness. Brahman is a thing to be known, reached, attained and to be completely absorbed in. What is the purpose and what is the pleasure in it? The very ideas of purpose, pleasure and pain are only the results of the conception of space and time. Once the cause is removed, there cannot be re-birth. The whole affair becomes an ordeal for contentment. Gradually attaining the state of fearlessness, the rational disciple becomes supremely courageous in the quest after Truth. The tedious process ends in his becoming the Truth—That Thou art.

> "One glimpse of it within the Tavern caught
> Better than in the Temple lost out-right.
> Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
> That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!
> The Nightingale that in the branches sang
> Ah! whence and whither flown again—who knows!
> Ourselves must we beneath the couch of earth
> Descend, ourselves to make a couch—for whom?
> Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and the best
> That Time and Fate of all their vintage prest
> Have drunk their cup a round or two before
> And one by one crept silently to Rest"

C. T. S.

Indian Land Revenue—some lines of Reform

Introduction

During the last twenty years, Land-Revenue, when it was not permanently settled, has increased only at an average rate of 1 per cent per annum. Until the reforms, no real attempt was made to look for sources of provincial revenue. In Bengal, Bihar and Orissa, Bombay and Madras, the revenue derived from Excise and Land-Revenue, is wholly insufficient for provincial needs. During the present period of all-round reconstruction, the question of revising Land-Revenue so as to make it more elastic has become an important one.

The Joint Committee of Parliament, on the Government of India Bill, after recommending that Land-Revenue should become a provincial source of Revenue, has pointed out that Land-Revenue in future should not depend on the discretion of the Settlement officer or the complex standing orders of the Board of Revenue but that every provincial legislature should introduce in its province a Land-Revenue Act.

Land-Revenue at present is derived both from dry and wet lands. The wet assessment is, in theory, the dry assessment plus a charge for water. The first step to be taken, is the separation, in the case of wet land, of the charge for water. Taxation of land should have reference only to its unirrigated condition. Otherwise, the additional value given to land, which is due to improvements effected by the cultivating agriculturist, apart from the additional value given to land because of irrigation facilities provided by the state, would be taxed. This however is rather a minor matter.

The most glaring defect of Indian Land-Revenue has been very tersely stated by the members of the Indian

Taxation Enquiry Committee. They point out, at page 77 of the Report, that the uncertainty as to both the basis of the assessment and the rate, is one of the chief respects in which the Land-Revenue system is open to criticism. In India, the basis may be rentals or net assets. The rentals may be customary, controlled. The rate may vary with the opinion of the settlement officer as to the circumstances of the tract, with the conditions of tenancy, or with the opinions of the Local Government of the day conscious of these defects; they nevertheless fail to recommend the necessary drastic changes needed.

I would suggest that the existing system of Land-Revenue be replaced by

(1) a tax on the capital value of the land, and

(2) a tax on agricultural incomes.

Prima facie, there are certain advantages inherent in the first proposal. In the first place, such a system would be intelligible, even to the most ignorant ryot; secondly, it would enable the legislature to fix the rate of tax according to its financial requirements; thirdly, valuation and assessment would be extremely useful for other purposes *e.g.*, in the case of Land Acquisition or in case imposition of death duties is contemplated.

The chief criticism that might be levelled against this proposal, is that although in new countries such as Australia, valuation has been comparatively an easy affair, in India it would be very expensive. Now is this scheme something far more complex than the elaborate calculation of values of different types of produce, made by the settlement officer, under the standing orders of the Board of Revenue?

Now the value of land may be estimated, at each revision, say in 15 or 20 years, with reference to local enquiries, to documents of sale, lease and mortgage relating to the period between one revision and another. The institution of a system of recording by the village

Munsiff of rights in land and utilization of registration offices for furnishing information to land prices, would, I think, facilitate these periodical settlements. The tax on agricultural incomes should be based on the principle of progression, with an exemption minimum. If the state needs, we may reduce or retain the exemption minimum to or at Rs. 2000 and 1000 respectively. The scheme outlined above may at most be applicable to ryotwari areas. In the case of zemindari areas, it is not possible to introduce this system, for here, interference with the existing state of affairs might be condemned as a breach of solemn covenant. A tax on agricultural income may however be extended to zemindari areas. Mr. Shirras points out : "In the permanently settled tracts, the solution will be an income-tax on land enjoying the present bounty of nearly 6·09 crores or 3·3 millions per annum—an income-tax, similar to schedules A and B of the British Income-Tax by means of which the difficulties of the permanent settlement of 1793, may be successfully solved. The matter, however, is not so easy as it looks at the first blush, and I am not inclined to be so optimistic as Mr. Findlay Shirras. The one great difficulty is to aggregate the holdings of any particular land owner. Taking our own province, even if the Land-Revenue registers were record of rights and our list of pattadars was in fact a list of owners, it "would be difficult to impose income-tax, without laying Government open to the charge that they were imposing an inequitable tax, which was a tax on honesty". As has been pointed out by an experienced Collector in Madras in a statement drawn up by him for the Taxation Enquiry Committee, "The Revenue registers are not records of rights and Land Revenue assessment on a field is not in practice what it purports to be in theory, when in fact it is realized that the Land Revenue shown in a patta is no indication of the income from land and the name shown in the patta is no indication of the earner

of that income." Again a distinction may have to be drawn between the proprietors of permanently and temporarily settled areas. The Zamindars, in permanently settled areas, may (in fact ought to) be taxed on a higher scale, than those in temporarily settled areas, as these will have to pay in addition higher rates of land-tax. Though the administrative difficulties are serious, they are by no means formidable. Messrs. Shah and Khambatte estimate at about a hundred and fifty crores the agricultural incomes of landlords who escape taxation, and if the present scales of income-tax are to be introduced with reference to agricultural incomes, they calculate a return of 15 to 16 crores to the Government. The experiment, then, is certainly worth undertaking, and though there may be evasion at first, after some time, our list of assessees of agricultural incomes, would be as accurate as our list of business assessees. In order to avoid evasion or unnecessary hardship, I would suggest that the exemption limit may be placed at a fairly high figure, say Rs. 5000, and then, if need be, reduced.

The Taxation Enquiry Committee, after endorsing the whole-hearted evidence of the Commissioner of Income-tax, Madras, that a tax on agricultural incomes is administratively feasible, strangely enough give the last place to an income-tax on agricultural incomes in their list of possible substitutes for existing taxes.

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The Origin of the Mauryas.

The orthodox view of the origin of Chandragupta is that he was the son of Mura, the concubine of a Nanda king, and that his surname Maurya is a metronymic bar sinister. A Mahamahopadhyaya writing nearly 20 years ago explained the violent overthrow of the last Maurya as the outcome of Asoka's edict against animal sacrifice, which was particularly resented by the Brahmanists as it was promulgated by the great-grandson of Mura. But 'Maurya' was a *nomen* (clan-name), not a *cognomen* (family name) as will be seen in the sequel; Mura was posterior to Maurya as Romulus was to Rome. Dr. D. B. Spooner cuts the Gordian knot by his derivation of Maurya from the Avestan *Mourva* in order to establish a Persipolitan ancestral home for Chandragupta (J.R.A.S., 1915, pp. 408 and 409), but we need not travel so far to explain an Indian surname.

The *Mudrarakshasa* of Visakhadatta describes Chandragupta as of mean origin. But Mr. H. K. Deb argues that *Vrshala* is a misreading for *Vrshabha* as the latter word is found instead of the former "in most places" in a Bengali MS of that drama (J.B.O.R.S., IV, pp. 93 and 94). But Mr. Justice K. T. Telang's edition (1884), based on nine copies obtained from various parts of the country from Benares to Bangalore, does not give that reading. Moreover, Mr. Deb does not consider the expression, "*Vrshalena Vrshena ragnam.*" And further, there are other indications in the same work of Chandragupta's mean origin; *Dukkula Mauryaputram*; *patim papam Mauryam kulahinam* (p. 76 and *n*). Thus Chandragupta was of ignoble parentage, according to Visakhadatta. But as the dramatist lived at least seven centuries after that sovereign, he embodies in his work the traditions current in his days.

The Classical accounts testify to the mean origin of the Nanda king at the time of Alexander's invasion of India. Plutarch refers to the reigning Nanda's "profligacy of manner and meanness of birth." Diodorus Siculus regards "Xandrames, the present king" as "of a mean and obscure extraction, a barber's son." Quintus Curtius speaks of "Agrammes" as "not only of low but of extremely base origin, for his father was a barber whose personal merits recommended him to the queen." Justin records that "Sandracottus was of humble origin but was called to royalty by the power of the Gods"; this does not mean that Chandragupta was of ignoble parentage. Mr. H. R. Chaudhuri regards "Agrammes" as a corruption of Augrasainya, meaning son of Ugrasena (or Mahapadma Nanda, the first unholy Nanda of the Pauranikas). Further, *Ugra* is explained in the *Arthasastra* of Kautilya as follows: *Kshatriyasya Sudrayamugrah* (Shama Sastry's edition, p. 164). As regards "Xandrames", its equation with *Chandramas* is apparently satisfactory, but Chandragupta was not ruling when Alexander invaded this country. It is possible that the names Chandra and Nanda were confounded as they are derived from roots of the same meaning. Further, Chandragupta is mentioned in other Classical accounts as Sandracottus.

The position of the Classical writers becomes more intelligible if we examine the question whether Chandragupta was a *Nandavamsiya*. The Mudrarakshasa refers to him as *Nandanvaya Yevayam* (p 158). But in another place there is the expression *Gotrantare Srirgata*. These references are apparently contradictory, but may be understood in the light of Mr. K. P. Jayaswal's contention that there were two Nanda dynasties, the *Nava* (New) Nandas and the *Purva* (Early) Nandas. Chandragupta was a son or descendant of the respectable Early Nandas, as he is called *Purvanandasuta* in Kshemendra's *Brihat-*

kathamanjari and Somadeva's *Kathasaritsagara*. And it is not surprising that Justin was not fully aware of the antecedents of King Chandragupta, though he and the two Sanskrit authors mentioned above do not support the latter's alleged base origin.

In the Sangam Literature there are references to the "*Vamba Moriyas*" or "Bastard Mauryas", according to Dr. L. D. Barnett; but Dr. S. Krishnaswami Aiyangar interprets that Tamil expression differently—the Maurya parvenus. That ancient authors from the distant south took Chandragupta for a *novus homo* is not difficult to understand.

The Buddhist accounts assign Chandragupta to the Kshatriya clan of Moriyas and regard his son and grandson as Kshatriyas. One Buddhist account, however, goes to the extent of describing him as a Sakya. It is therefore argued that Buddhist authors falsified history with a view to ennoble Asoka. The Jain stories are said to have been tarred with the same brush as Chandragupta became a Jain towards the close of his career, according to those authorities (H.R. Chaudhuri, pp. 165 and 225). But Buddhist and Jain accounts cannot be distrusted when corroborative evidence is available. At any rate the historicity of the republican Moriya clan of Pipphalivan is unquestionable.

The *Arthasastra* of Kautilya throws considerable light on the problem under consideration. It is difficult to believe that its author would have moved heaven and earth to secure the elevation to the imperial throne of a base born Chandragupta, since he underlines high birth in stating the qualifications of government officers. In spite of his predilection for the *Atharvaveda*, his substantial orthodoxy cannot be impugned; his ideal government is one based on the *Varnasrama-dharma* (p. 8). Every page of his work echoes his deep-rooted conviction (*darsana*) that Kshatriya sovereignty is the best (16). A king is to be a

Mahakulina first and foremost (p. 257). Kautilya differs from Purvacharyas in preferring a high-born (*Abhijata*) but weak king to a strong but base-born (*Anabhijata)* king (326) and a high-born but unwise son to a wise but base-born son (314). Further, high birth is regarded as the greatest qualification for ministers, and high priests (pp. 14 and 15), for some spies and envoys (pp. 20 and 30), and for superintendents of departments (68). Lastly, Kautilya (p.259) despises an enemy not of royal parentage (Araja-bija).

Therefore Visakhadatta's account of Chandragupta's base origin is out of harmony, not only with the Classical, Buddhistic and Jain authorities, but also with the *Artha-sastra* of Kautilya, whose *Narendra* (Chandragupta Maurya or ideal king) must have been a *kulina* not a *kulahina*.

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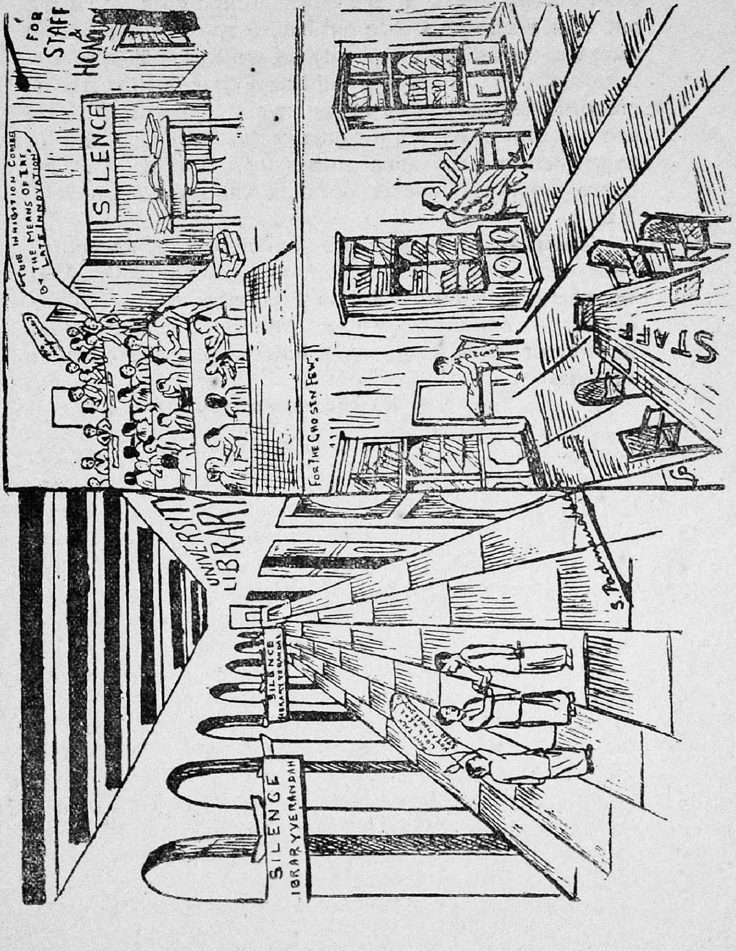


IMPROVEMENTS IN THE LIBRARY

The Privilege of Dress

"Dress has a moral effect upon the conduct of Mankind."

Sir Jonah Barrington.

"This furniture may be somewhat of a guard to authority".

Jeremy Collier.

It was a third class carriage. Rather wearied after a hard day of packing, I had settled down on entering on the nearest vacant board and stretched myself for a well-earned rest. Convenience is always one's outlook in travel, but the third is only meant for conveyance. So, to use opportunity for the best, and knowing that the customary rush at Coimbatore would tax even a generous selfishness, I designed to "sleep" so that I might be the less disturbed.

A long hour's jostling elapsed, and we reached the station. Needless to say, what with the noise and a strange bed, I was still awake, but with eyes well closed and ears the more alive. The door creaked open, and, with hustle, hurry, and not the semblance of formal manners, in poured a motley crowd of all ages, and of every description. There were Brahmins, Non-Brahmins and Muslims; students, officials and trades-folk; and complexions of a wide variety of shades from golden-brown to the less delightful straw and the deepest black. Instantly, there was a wild scramble for places, and the first-comers filled every available square-foot. Nature abhors a vacuum most in an Indian third-class. As it happened, the rush was of tolerable dimensions, and, were every board so used, just large enough for sitting accommodation. Here we come to the point of the narrative. Alongside me, on a parallel bench, and usurping

likewise a valuable portion of the available room, dozed a fellow passenger. Still, quite a few were standing, and in due course with oaths and threats my waist-cloth friend was forced to part with a good measure of his much-coveted ease. He protested; he glared at my enviable length; he stormed at this deferential partiality. It was all of no avail. Opening my eyes to a narrow slit, through a lace-work of lashes, I could get just a glimpse of the interesting scene, and my friend's uninteresting face. Still I was stretched in seeming obliviousness, and, despite the sacrifice of convenience, not a soul would bother the well-dressed "dorai". From a wish to test the opinion I ever held—that western apparel always commands regard amongst the crowd in India—and not from any selfish motive, I persisted in this feint and my impudence passed unchecked. The standing few would rather wait till Podanur, where the pressure was sure to ease.

Incidents of this sort are common in every-day life. All may not be of the exact nature, but the idea conveyed is the same. In truth, we are so often faced with such situations that the impression soon loses flavour, and we treat them as matter of fact. From the waiter's deference at the restaurant to the chaprassi's at the office, we have this daily recurring feature of Indian life. Before pursuing my comments further, let me relate a second experience. This likewise befell me on a railway journey. It was again a third-class carriage, but on the particular occasion I chanced to be sitting up. We were at a halt. The compartment had its full load, and we did not like additional company. Save for a small clique, who were buzzing their recent gossip, as all the rest were strangers to each other, a quiet more or less prevailed. A train is never sufficiently long; there is invariably a demand too large. Eager eyes were constantly peering over the window ledge in search of room. Too engrossed in far-away thoughts, since there was nothing novel

to fix me in the immediate world, I was rapt in musing, when what some one from the clique remarked just caught my absent ear. I guessed he alluded to me, and I asked him. " We are glad you are in our midst ", he repeated, in so many words, " or else we might have been in less comfort". I was not sure what he meant, and he explained that " My suit had exorcised further intrusions." We were all Indians in that carriage, though I was the only one in occidential clothes, and how a mere fabric ís such an influence makes an interesting enquiry.

To me it seems that India's heritage is largely the reason. From the earliest times, subjects to an alien yoke, where the ruling class was as much distinguished by their colour as by their apparel, several centuries of such environment have left their impression on the popular mind. In the dawn of civilisation, the influence was of the Aryans; in the Middle Ages, of the Central Asian hordes; and, in recent times, of the European races. It may well be noticed here it is always when a fair complexion goes hand in hand with western dress that the influence is the more perceptible. By 'fair' I mean according to Indian standards. On the other hand, when the wearer is of darker skin—and, with his blackness, affects airs a little loud,—he is sometimes the street-side joke. At the least, his skin would appear to detract from the virtue of his wear.

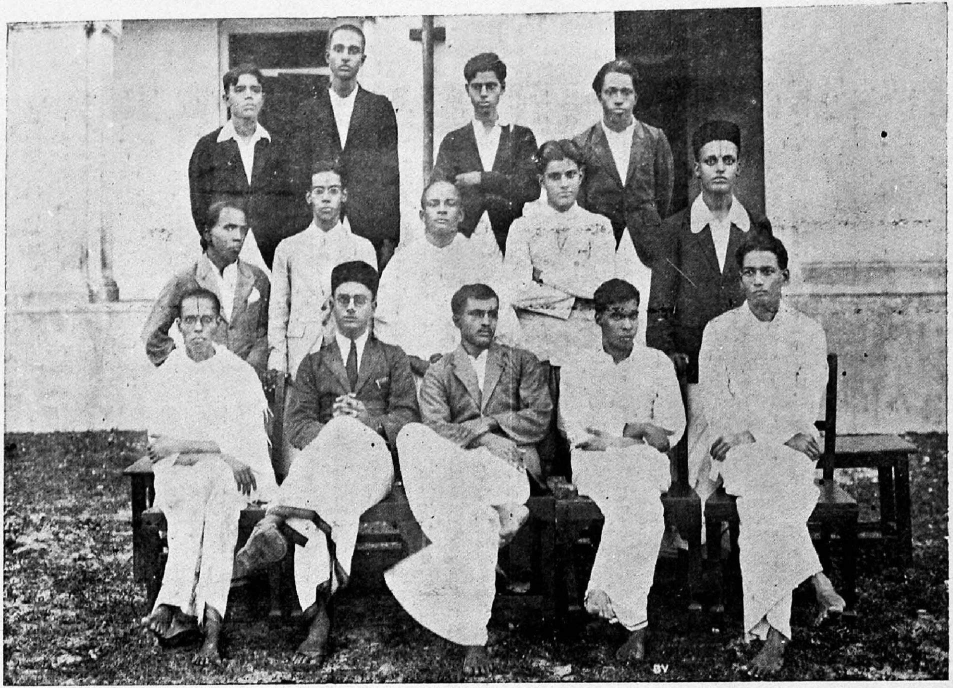
There is also another reason. The unfortunate history of unceasing domination has told upon the national character. It has sowed the seeds of an inferiority complex. Is has even nourished a servile deference for all that is foreign—more especially for what is western. Amongst the literate an influence so depressing is rooted out by education. With the illiterate, who are the most unsophisticated natures, and who for a long while to come will form the bulk of the Indian peoples, those inherited impressions will continue to tyrannise. Indeed, the

canaille are so susceptible that one can read their thoughts as an open book. To give another personal instance, I observed the same man offer me a salute, when I walked out in a suit, and withhold the recognition as though unconscious of my passing presence, when I happened to do "a Swadeshi mode." He knew I came of a well-placed family, he knew I was "England-returned", but he respected my vestments more than me. An incident of this sort ought not, of course, to make one feel small. The ignoring recoils with annihilating force on the offender. If he is unable to appreciate a person apart from his wear, the more fool he is.

As one will expect, such distinctions in the west were never my experience. It is but natural. If we will exclude the other sex, who construe simplicity to mean less of covering—and woman will always be whimsical!—the rule of fashion is the simplest habiliments. The gaudy is eschewed; likewise the elaborate. In all strata, whether in the several grades of the aristocracy, or of the middle-class, taste in dress is everywhere austere. The workman never knows the Prince by his flourish.

There is perhaps yet another aspect to the subject. The material carries much weight with the average man. To him gold is a member of the God-head, the symbol of Omnipotence. On the quality of dress, he attributes a monetary value to the wearer; and fashion, in special of the exotic European type, is often invested with the dignity due to affluence.

The foregoing remarks are not made in a spirit of criticism. To compare the two prevailing styles of the East and of the West, in the matter of clothes, is an effort as absurd as to compare the Eskimo with the Hottentot. Each is the peculiar outcome of his own environment. In the same manner dress is the expression of the character of the peoples as well as of their surroundings. Nor can taste itself be questioned unless it is of so crude a quality,



Students of the V Honours Class (1929—30)

as to be almost bad taste. The Bengali toga, with its flowing folds, has a grace and charm that contrasts with the severe primness of Saville Row. The artist eye will admire as much the one as the other. But the Indian masses do not show this impartial discrimination. Truly, with them,

> "When fashion shapes what cotton looms provide
> Power and Presence both in one abide."

K. B. T. MATHEW, B. A. (Cantab.)

" A Few Types "

No, he has none of the "sick hurry and divided aims" which Mathew Arnold attributes to modern life. He has halted long enough at each stage—on an average, three years. He is a rich Tahsildar's son—the apple of his grandmother's eye—the promise of the whole family. He began education early enough—rather, he found it hard to kill time and therefore took to school going. Moreover it was then the fashion for rich persons to patronise schools with their sons—their fees paid for a long number of years in advance . . . He managed somehow to get into college ; he seemed thoroughly tired of "invasions". There was something defiant about his idiocy : "make me pass if you *can*" he seemed to say. He never tried to dish the examiner by stewing the hotch-potch of an answer with spicy misquotations. He gets six or seven marks, out of—mercy. He never owes the examiners a grudge, no, not he . . . He gets up at nine ; once he told us that in the west they get up only at that hour and that he wanted to be modern and up-to-date; marches to his meal with a challenging air—attacks it vigorously and retreats with a triumphant smile as though he had vanquished a whole host of dishes at one stroke—There is a lot between him and that last bench—so many delightful associations—between him and his most constant friend in whose lap he has lain *so* often and dreamt *such* sweet dreams. Sleeps sound in the class, when his name is called, he bolts up, answers " Presen, Saar " and goes to sleep again. Thank God he cannot snore audibly enough. No, he is none of that uncomfortable sort that would embarass the lecturer with questions profoundly silly. He protests languidly against having to change rooms from hour to hour—mistakes (and naturally too) the college bell for the one emerging from the hostel. As some one expressed

his philosophy of life in words aping Milton's, "They also live who only eat and sleep."

By the way, it *was* rather cursed of that fellow to have done it. When my friend was out on a walk—a rare phenomenon—that chap had the temerity to collide his cycle against his front. God served him right. The forewheel got distorted beyond all shape—spokes clean gone. "No ordinary vehicle may ever come into contact with your ponderous personality without being reduced to its constituent parts", he skulked away saying.

One other thing. Perhaps I had better give you a sample of his examination answers. Just a sample, mind. The paper was one on Early Indian History. My friend wrote, "The only thing definitely known is that everything is doubtful. About the Aryans there are so many theories as to whether they came through the Bay of Bengal on the north or the Arabian sea on the south—a point not certain yet. It is still more unsettled whether, when they came, they brought their culture with them. About the indigenous origin of the Dravidians, there is much controversy, Some say they were imported from within the country. They do not seem to have had culture because they were as dark as negroes . . . Chandragupta gave his daughter in marriage to Seleucus and 500 elephants besides. This clearly shows that he was not very orthodox and that the varadakshina (dowry) system prevailed even in such prehistoric times." Well, I have a notion—that fellow was born with a cricket bat in his mouth. Legend says that when he was young he sent his father's inkpot against his poor grandmother's nose and—out ! Today, he is the most interesting sportsman on this side of hell, Cricket, cricket cricket—everywhere something or other about it—eats over it—talks about it—dreams of it—reads about it—everywhere, except playing on the field. (Some one even remarked that he *bowls* his meal into his mouth). If he

looks through "The Hindu", it is about "Sporting, News"—whether Huddersfield or Birmingham scored—who captains the M. C. C. this year—who won at Wimbledon, etc, etc. He is accidentally a good shot; only an overdose of vanity adds spice to his life—He seems to think photographers—camera-wallas—are lying in ambush somewhere; he poses for snapshots. Even his failures are so graceful . . . Oh! if I could tell you the number of matches he has played (let me add in a whisper, *and lost*)! He has a lot of medals—all after his own fancy. He once told me they "cost him much". It reminds me of an advertisement about "a beautiful and authentic image of the Buddha, dated at least 2000 B.C.—the only one of its kind" in the whole world offered for sale and "Excellent Workmanship Guaranteed" in bold letters underneath . . . To question their origin is to betray a sad lack of faith in human honesty . . . He dresses himself neatly like a sportsman—a kerchief about his belt—flannel trowsers—English Twill shirt—he is fast heading to a crop—thinks that without it he is handicapped—In a word, takes keen interest in sports and is of opinion that the battle for India's freedom must be won on her cricket fields.

* * *

I shall dismiss that religious crank in a few words. He asks himself and everyone that ill-luck may happen to throw in his way, "Why am I born? where do I come from? Whither do I drift?" I feel like answering him "You were born to bore us to death and then to die. You came from the moon. You are drifting to the Lunatic Asylum".

* * *

There are many more types—for instance, the street-corner politician-student who reads nothing but the newspaper all hours of the day, takes sides on important questions and discusses them vehemently without even

the shred of a concern for his victim; the music-stricken one who

> "In the inspiring gloom
> Of the section bath-room"

yells out a tune he has not the least ghost of a notion of; who appreciates fine music when it is *free*; whose exquisite performances are an endurance test. And then there is the literary bore with his G. K. C.'S and G. B. Shaw's—; and then the all-round bore who has a wonderful aptitude for making conversation desperately dry; talks to you in monologues—of railway communication cords—old woman—mad—wanted to commit suicide—saved her—guard's thanks, etc. etc. is quite at home with Carlyle, cats, cabbages, O anything under the sun; and then the orator who always talks at you as though you were a public meeting. And not the least significant of all, the person who constitutes a nasty-nice article to the "Misc." but is at best, a delightful bore. . . .

"BORE". (v. H.—3 b.)

[N. B. No personal references are intended.]

The Self in Man

Resolve to be thyself ; and he who
Finds himself ; loses his misery.

Mathew Arnold.

Indian religious thought has taken three steps with regard to the personality of God. It begins with dualism, and goes through a qualified monism and ends in perfect monism. But at present in Hindu thought all these three stages found their sway. The one does not deny the other, but simply fulfils the other. Though most nations on the face of this earth accept and practise monism, none of them have been understood in the light of Hindu Philosophy. With them all monism would imply only the oneness of God. This in fact is regarded by progenitent Rishies as only a qualified form of monism. The advanced type of monism asserts not merely the oneness of God but the total identifying this oneness in the self in all of us. This conception involves a very high and abstract idea of God and self or in other words Paramatma and Jivatma respectively. But here only lies "The explanation of all Ethics, all morality and of all Spirituality in the universe." The advocates of this philosophy in our land are known as the Advaitins.

According to their Philosophy each man consists of three parts, the material body, the mind and behind them the self. This visible material body is the external coating and the mind forms the internal coating of the self in man. The self in man (the Advaitin's term is the Jivatma or the individual soul as distinguished from the Paramatma or the Universal Soul.) The Universal Soul reflects in every one of us ; that is, "our self." But it is something more than a reflection for it somehow or other contracts an illusion which is called Maya or Nescience.

This Maya or Nescience makes a vast differentiation between the individual and universal soul in their nature and makes the self in man appear to be finite. If we can get rid of this Nescience or Avidya which is the object of Vedanta Philosophy, then we can realise the true nature of our self or our svarupa. Hence, the Upanishads define Atman as "one mass, as it were, made solely of Vijana or consciousness in essence just as the Sun is essentially one mass of unfailing light." It is thus consciousness itself and the "seif-luminous" witness of the mind and body. This Atman or the self is neither material nor a compound. Because it is not a compound it does not obey the law of cause and effect. So it is immortal and formless and is not conditioned by time or space. In short it is beyond time, space or causation. Swami Vivekananda says "No books, no Scriptures, no Science can ever imagine the glory of the Self that appears as man."

This Self as conceived by our Indian Philosophers of whom Sri Sankaracharir was the chief expounder, can be compared to Spinoza's "Substantia." There is a close resemblance between his 'Substantia' and our Atman. Spinoza defines it as that which 'is in itself and is conceived by itself' and according to him it is infinite, free, and eternal.

The realisation of ourselves is not at all an Utopian idea but a perfectly practical one. But it can never be known as objective, as it is the subjective soul and the witness or the knower of all things. But, as Max-Muller beautifully says "*it can only be itself.* We can know ourselves by being ourselves without any least identification of our ego with either the material body or with the mind and its various modifications. According to the authors of the Upanishads immortality therefore consists in "the self knowing the self."

Those who have attained this self-realisation are

called Jivanmuktas or the "living free". It should not be misunderstood in this connection that they become inactive after their attainment. But quite contrary it is those persons who least think of their individualities become the great unselfish workers in the world. For them this little and apparent self is dead and in its place God or the real self stands. They are no longer subject to the cycle of birth and death. To them this "prison house" will be a happy playground. Good as well as Evil will absolutely have no power over them.

Therefore with a view to attain perfection and mental peace every one of us must try his utmost to attain this self-realisation. There is no hard and fast rule in choosing the method for it. All religions whether Buddhism, Hinduism, Mahamadanism or Christianity will take us to this goal provided a man follows his religion on the grounds of common sense and genuine faith. It is rightly asked by Lord Christ "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

G. S.

The Autobiography of a Mouse

My name is Mr. Mouse and I live in a small house with my spouse. I love her, and, look you, she also loves me *sometimes*. Our house is situated in the bowels of Mother Earth ; for you men build houses *on* the earth and we mice *within* the earth. Our house consists of a large orifice and the sight of its very site may be cited as one of its remarkable features.

I have *nine* children and a third part of that number is of the feminine species and the rest of the masculine variety. By the by, I should tell you my age. It is . . . Oh ! I have forgotten it. Does'nt matter. This much you may fully rely upon : my age is greater than my children's !

As to my pedigree, it is sufficiently noble. You know *Vinayakar* (familiarly known by the appellation of *Pillayar* —not *Son Who* mind you !). You also know that *Pillayar* has a mouse as his *vahanam* or vehicle. The story runs that my great-grandfather's great-great-grandmother begat *that* mouse, whom *Pillayar* chose as his bearer. Don't you see now that my pedigree is noble ? (The Sintian Apollo had a holy mouse, too. See the comment of Eustathins on Homer's Iliad, Book I.) Next something about my education. I have just crossed the S. S. L. C. bridge and I think of joining the Annamalai University, my optional subjects being History and Chemistry (Is there such a group in your ' Varsity ?)

By the by want to tell you something about one of my High School-teachers. He was a bulky mouse,—of course just leaner than an elephant. He was very fond of big words and at the same time asked us not to use them. Once he waxed eloquent against the use of big words, saying: " Students, the most preposterous presumption among you is that words of disproportionate

magnitude and platitudinous ponderosity are considered better than those of unostentatious simplicity. You should first curb this irresistible appurtency to employ flabbergasting phraseology and sentences of bewildering perplexity . . ." and so on. I was at a loss to decide whether I wondered more at the hugeness of his form or at the ponderability of his words.

One dark night, when the world lay entranced in a dreamless swoon, I and Mrs. Mouse went to a lecturer's house (he was of the very hospitable sort) and there we saw a bottle of ghee. But Oh! that damned cork which fitted the neck! Still, bearing the maxim 'Try till you succeed", we *tried* our teeth on the cork till it came out. Gracious Heavens! The members of the house, it seemed, had consumed about half the bottle (of course not the *actual* bottle but its contents only). But I and Mrs. Mouse brought the consumption business to perfection. You may ask, "how"? One by one, that is, alternately, we plunged our tails deep into the bottle, took them out, and licked them, which were dripping with ghee. We repeated the afore-mentioned operations till the whole bottle was dried and cleaned. Don't you now recognise the utility of our tails and the fertility of our intellect?

One word more. Once I went to my father-in-law's house. There my mother-in-law in the fulness of her affection offered me a small bottle of ghee and asked me to taste it. I am, look you, a stern mouse. So, with a majestic air I resented the offer and she went away. But the smell of the ghee had left its magical effects on my nostrils and I cursed myself for having refused it. I wished I'd tasted it. So, after some time, stealthily and quickly (lest my mother-in-law should come and see me) I went to the kitchen and there I saw two bottles similar to that which I had refused a minute before.

Hastily I took away the cork (thanks to my teeth), plunged the tail into the bottle, quickly took it out and

eagerly licked it. But, alas! it was *castor oil* and *not ghee*! In my haste I had plunged my tail into the castor oil bottle! At the same instant my mother-in-law appeared on the spot! My tail was dripping with castor oil! Imagine my miserable and shameful condition at that time.

I wish to conclude; for I see that you are yawning,—thus you exhibit your satiety at my narrative. So I will gladly stop. By the by, if any of you want further details about my connubial felicity, the depth of my knowledge and the width of my wisdom, please communicate to the following address carefully:—

Mr. Mouse, Husband of Mrs. Mouse (to avoid ambiguity).

Father of 9 Children (of course for the time being).

Orifice near Annamalainagar.

(via) 'X' Block.

S. RAMADASAN, II CLASS.

Co-operation, its origin and growth and Co-operative Education

Co-operation in its literal sense of the combination of a number of people for their common benefit and gain is as old as the world. But in its modern form, the co-operative movement had its origin in Germany about the middle of the 19th century. Its progress was at first very slow and later it came to be gradually recognised as a powerful economic force for the amelioration of the conditions of the poor, especially the Agriculturists. Though begun in Germany it soon found its way into the other European countries. Its adoption in India dates from 1904 when the Indian Co-operative Societies Act was passed in that year. In Mysore also, the movement was adopted in the early nineties of the last century and the first Mysore Co-operative Regulation was passed in 1905. The first Society started under this regulation was the Bangalore City Co-operative Society. The movement had a very rapid progress in Mysore.

Unity and friendship are the bases of co-operation. Co-operation can exist only when there is affinity between different castes and cadres of the people. Co-operation is absolutely necessary among the agriculturists, traders and other rural folks. There should be a rural organization or at least a co-operative society to help the agriculturists and others in times of need. At least a rural co-operative society in the Presidency is an association of agricultural producers and should see to facilities being afforded to one and all of those interested in the industry of agriculture. The credit movement at present requires considerable improvement. The rural organization should not be merely an association of a small proportion of producers and the help to be rendered to agriculturists

should not be confined to a few items in the field of production. The questions for consideration in each Society are how to improve the agricultural industry and the steps to be taken to produce more, and to reduce expenditure and to arrange for the profitable sale of produce. Such an extended use of co-operation is hardly possible unless all interested in the agricultural industry are brought into the movement in each village. Financing should be regulated with reference to the cultivation operations at each stage. Credit required throughout the year should be forecasted and made available before the cultivation season commences and continued till the produce is sold. The rural organisation should be educated to undertake the work even by enlisting responsible paid agents and should be given full freedom to regulate its affairs without interference by the Central Bank or by the departmental agency. The agency should educate the rural folk with ideas of rural progress and the methods to be adopted for achieving the desired results. The mentality involved in self-help and self-sacrifice should be fostered and be made to permeate in every resident so that the whole organization might be expected to run its business in a methodical and efficient way for the benefit of each to the deserved extent and ultimately for the benefit of all. The accredited non-official agency in a district is the District Federation. It sees that the local Unions are provided with an expert staff and whether such staff is helpful to the efficient working of the village organizations by frequent inspection and advice. The executive officers employed by the Federation to regulate the work of local Union staff should be well trained men, full of ideas, with the grit to run the supervision machinery efficiently and with the sole object of humanising the working of the rural organizations. The officer should be free from communal prejudices and should work so as to have his objective, the progress of

co-operation. He should not work with a motive to gain favour and better his position in the department to which he belongs. The societies must be permitted to appoint men, who are well acquainted with the local primaries, as the supervising staff. Such a course will tend to the expansion of transactions as well as the expanded use of co-operation in the agricultural industry in each village. It is only when this is secured, that the rural society will be able to have its transactions with the Bank. The rural Societies must have transactions throughout the year and loans granted to workmen must be realised bit by bit in course of time. Then only the agriculturists and other workmen will be able to repay their loans without feeling the difficulties. The supervising staff must see to the realisation of the loan arrears in course of time. Then the successful working of the Societies depends to a great extent on the prompt recovery of loans on the due dates. If the loans are overdue the following may be the causes for it :—

1. Uufavourable season-conditions and consequent failure of harvest.

2. Laxity of supervision due to ignorance or indolence.

3. Wilful and deliberate omission to take timely action for the recovery of the dues owing to misconduct or other interested motives on the part of the management.

4. The granting of loans and fixing of instalments for their repayment without regard to the capacity of the borrower for such repayment and

5. Difficulties in the way of getting prompt and effective redress in the recovery of the dues.

As regards the growth and origin of rural Societies the foregoing facts will tend to show that it entirely depends on the efforts of the rural folk and the supervising staff.

Now let us go on to Co-operative Education.

The objects of Co-operative Education are defined in the "Co-perator" published by the Manchester Co-operative Union as follows ;—

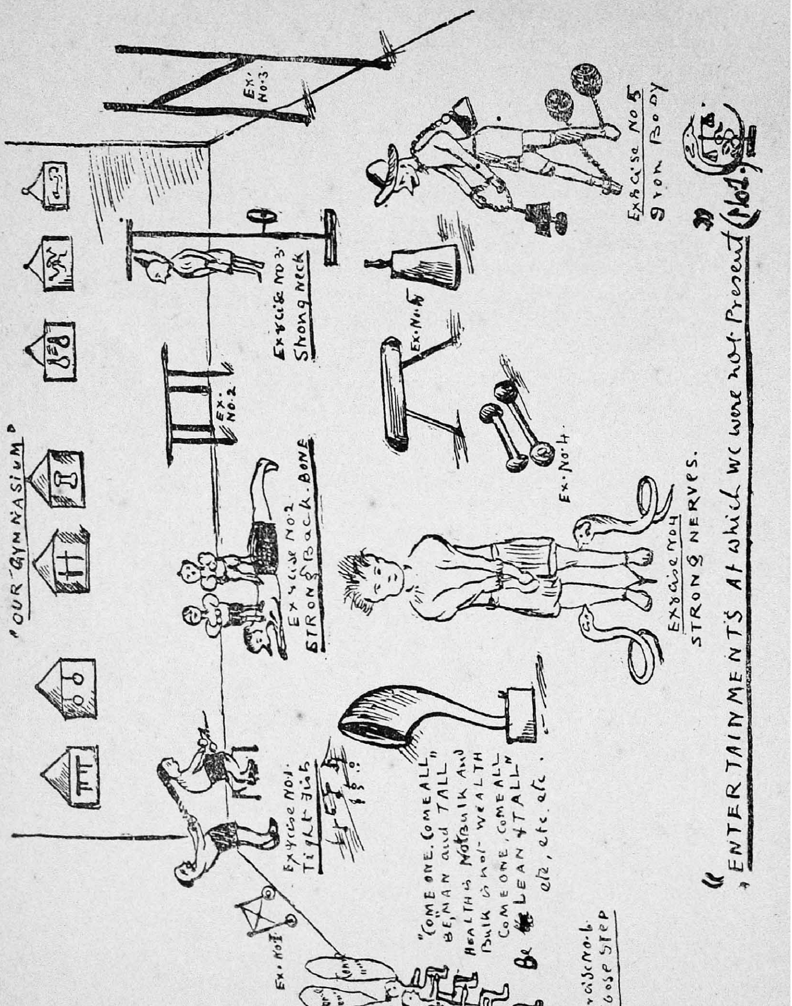
> " The objects of Co-operative education are primarily the formation of co-operative character and opinions by teaching the history, theory, and principles of the movement with economics and Industrial and Constitutional history in so far as they have a bearing on Co-operation, and, secondarily, though not necessarily of less import, the training of men and women to take part in industrial and social reforms and civic life generally ".

The need for Co-operative Education has scarcely been felt in our country. It is not necessary that this education should be confined to those people who would work in the movement, but there can be a regular spreading of co-operative knowledge with the prodigality of nature amongst the masses of the people. School children should be educated in the principles of co-operation. No lesson should be prescribed upon it as it is the surest way of creating in them an aversion to the subject. They should be taught by being taken to witness Co-operative Societies in working order and by their being helped to run small co-operative stores of books and stationery for themselves. Co-operation can be one of the slogans in the movement for national uplift in as much as the removal of untouchability or prohibition or khaddar propaganda. Co-operative training was thought of only in recent times and that, to give instructions to those who are expected to work in the movement; we may look for the time when systematic training will be given to the various grades of workers, panchayatdars, those who work in Banks, those who are expected to do supervision and propaganda, auditors, and those who are expected to do the higher work as missionaries of Co-operation. Rural Schools for panchayatdars, district schools for Supervisors and Inspectors, and a Central College for higher

workers would be an ideal scheme of Co-operative training to be aimed at and worked up to. If this scheme be realised, the central agency may make use of these Schools and Colleges to spread knowledge of co-operation among the growing generation of future citizens. The scheme is so vast that it requires a strong and powerful agency to carry on the details of its work from day to day. In co-operative education, therefore, as in general education, we have begun to train those who are required to work in the department.

It is an old complaint against us that the women of our country do not take an active part in the public movements as their sisters do in the Western countries. None of us would desire to have the Western Suffragette movement in our country. There are very many fields where enlightened women can co-operate with their brothers most efficiently. Co-operation is one of the foremost of such movements, Unfortunately, the credit side of the Co-operative movement alone has been developed to an enormous extent and the other sides of co-operation are neglected. So women do not find a place in the movement. The movement being purely a credit one, women do not worry themselves about it. But small Societies can be formed among them to invest their small savings. In the Punjab associations called "Thrift Societies" are formed for women and are progressing well. There are lady Inspectresses over such Societies. In the Punjab there are about 130 such Societies and some of them even run adult schools. The savings of these Societies are deposited in the Central Banks. They have a representation in the Central Bank also.

Central Banks grant large loans to Societies whenever required. The loans can be repaid by small amounts. There are two different kinds of loan, long-term and short-term loans. The Societies send representatives to the Central Banks. The Central Banks allow certain concessions to all


"OUR GYMNASIUM"
Exercise No 1. Tight Jib
Ex: No 2
Exercise No 2 Strong Back Bone
Ex: No 3
Exercise No 3 Strong Neck
Ex. No. 4
Exercise No 4 Strong Nerves
Exercise No 5 Iron Body
Exercise No. 6. The Goose Step
"Come one, come all, Be man and tall" Health is not bulk and Bulk is not wealth Come one, come all Be lean & tall" etc, etc, etc.
"Entertainments at which we were not present" (Plot.)

the Societies. Nowadays Land Mortgage Banks are formed and loans are granted on the mortgage of lands. The provincial Governments also help the movement to a great extent.

The following quotations may be cited in regard to the progress of the Co-operative movement and its ideal.

> " I believe the establishment and the furthering of co-operative societies is nowadays the only form of social work befitting a normal individual who has not the wish to be an oppressor. I am certainly of opinion that co-operative organisation is one of the best forms of activity among our items. All those who are anxious to devote their youth to serve the people can throw themselves into the movement".
>
> *Leo Tolstoy.*

> " My desire is that the profits of all trade, all industry, all distribution, all commerce, all importation, all banking and money dealing, should fall back again into the hands of the old people. If co-operators will manage their enterprises in such a way as to concentrate all their trade in one channel, I am certain that this can be accomplished".
>
> *J. T. W. Mitchell.*

R. SOURI RAJAN.
(*University Library.*)
5-12-1929.

"Never Mind!"

Miscellany at last!

My heart beat fast. I was sure my contribution would be there. And then, to be the talk of the whole world! Who *could* this "original" fellow be that writes such beautiful English? Well, in my own mind I conjured up the sweet vision of being acclaimed the most brilliant journalist ever born!

The article was the favourite of my heart. I have spent feverish nights over it. And when with a tremor I handed over the MS. to the Editor, I felt as though I was parting with the child of my dreams!

Perhaps I am a bit vain. But I am certain my article is simply irresistible. It would be rather "awful" of them to refuse it. Nothing could shake the conviction out of me that it *must* be in the *first* number of the Miscellany.

Some one told me, "The magazine has come out." There was something ominous about it. I was afraid my article was blown up in it. I was too nervous to confide even to my friends.

"Well, this *is* awful!" I thought, adding an oath exceptionally blasphemous. It was simply scandalous! My dear, dear article was *not* there!

It was as though the cherished infant of my inspiration had been hurled into space with scarcely a human tear! I got furious. In my heart of hearts I was convinced that the Editors had been actuated by motives somewhat unworthy of their high calling. I cursed them within myself till I felt tired. They had been affected by communal prejudice! I am a poor Brahmin and we Brahmins have fallen on evil days. The massive doors of office are

slammed in our very faces, and, alas, I thought, that my Brahmin article would have been rejected!

* * *

In the solemn sanctuary of my tranquil heart, I hear some voice whisper, "Never Mind!"

S. K. Y.

Moffusil Teachers

Moffusil teachers differ from their metropolitan brethren in many respects—in their habits and modes of dress and in their relations with their pupils. They live in a comparatively calm atmosphere and are very much in the enviable position of the famous pedagogue of " Sweet Auburn."

There are many types among moffusil teachers. The most prominent type, one which cannot be missed in a moffusil school is of this description. His dress consists of a milk-white dhoti, a long flapped coat and a silk or cotton cloth turban. His manners are all old fashioned; whenever he meets any of his pupils outside the school he beckons him to come to him with a gentle shake of his forefinger and, administering to him a few rebukes for idling away his time roaming through the streets, orders him to go home direct. In the class room he is a firm believer in the old proverb 'spare the rod and spoil the child.' Threats and punishments like caning are his indispensable instruments for imparting wisdom to young minds. In the discharge of his duties he is very regular. No day passes off without some portion of the syllabus being finished. He never feels blase or dull. Whole years roll on peacefully for him. Many of my school years were spent under such a gentleman and I should like to get down some of my experiences here.

My master answered the above description almost exactly. I well remember the husky voice and the deep dental intonation in which he taught us and the occasional shake of his head that gave emphasis to his words. As for myself, my attention was not wholly occupied by what my master said. On many a day the wavering nature asserted itself. And, while Longfellow's " Psalm of Life " or the formation of the English Heptarchy was under-

going the process of elucidation, my mind was wandering among many different objects. Like the Lover's in the Roman Campagna it flew from one object to another. Now it was fixed on the fortnight old beard of my teacher; then it flew to his old silver watch-chain dangling between the buttonhole and the watch-pocket, then to his milk-white richly starched turban that added to his height almost by one foot, and so on.

There were a few days in the year when my teacher was in a flutter. Those were the inspection days. With all his learning and his professional dignity he felt a little nervous in the presence of an Inspector. In order to pass well in the eyes of the latter, he adopted a certain method. He took up a long-before done lesson and conducted rehearsals in it, by alternately teaching and questioning; and then the play was enacted before the Inspector. One year the Inspector turned up unexpectedly, and evidently my master was in a tremble that seemed to shake all his body and end his being. Of course he bungled in the ordeal, owing to his nervousness and his own misgivings. Thereupon the Inspector made a few remarks on his defective method of teaching, gave him some instructions as to the right method and went away muttering his dissatisfaction with the state of things in the school. When he had gone, our master drew near us (myself and my class-fellows) and spoke to us in a dejected undertone. He told us how a superior position enabled men to say anything about their inferiors, how this was no world for men of honesty and real merit, how the world had begun to move in a topsyturvy manner and a good deal more of that kind of philosophy. We listened to his discourse with reverential pity. That was the first time he took us into his confidence.

To return to the type. Another type less common than the former may be described as follows. A newly graduated young man arrives in a moffusil with his young

wife and a B. A. degree. A fashionably cut coat, a collar and tie indicate his partial adoption of new fashions in dress. In the class room he is struck by the extraordinary shyness of his pupils. After explaining a certain portion, he asks them to tell him their difficulties, in response to which the pupils preserve a dignified reserve. He sees their nervousness and tries to remove it. He assures them that he is their best friend and that he will be most kind and amiable towards them; he tells them that they should leave off their womanish shyness if they are to grow to be brave men; he desires always to be consulted by them in their studies since he is ever at their disposal. Of course such things mean nothing at first to the pupils. It takes some time to get themselves accustomed to the ways of their new teacher. And then they get to like him.

There are many persons who do not easily come under any general description. Their dress is marked by as much variety as can be expected in a country-neighbourhood. They differ from one another in their teaching methods too. I will mention one or two of them. First, there is the good old man, grown grey in his service. He is a veritable story-teller. He believes in the efficacy of story-telling as a method of rousing in his pupils an interest in their lessons. So every passage in the text reminds him of some story or anecdote of his life. He is particularly fond of narrating his own past experiences so that a few years' course under him would furnish one with materials for an interesting biography. Then there is the industrious bore who burns mid-night oil over his preparation and pours out his instruction in the class at a rate that would set at nought the pencil of a short-hand reporter. But these are types somewhat rare in moffusil schools, and it is not proper to deal with them at length here.

I wish to close with one particular remark. I do not claim to have made an exhaustive study of the subject, nor

have I dealt with any one type exhaustively. For I have written this essay in the belief that, while the good can only evoke warm appreciation, the odd provides amusement, while the evil needs remedy.

P.R.D.

Our Kodaikanal Excursion

It was at 2 o'clock on the 21st of September we started from the hostel for the Railway station, a neat, trim and well-brushed coat on each of our backs and with suit-cases and beds.

At the station we were joined by our town excursionists and the lecturer. We got the concession ticket and caught the No 5. Rameswaram Express. Now ensued chit-chat, tete-a-tete, tittle-tattle, cracking of wit and joking among us. Fortunately we took possession of one half of a carriage and were not hindered by any other passenger.

We reached Mayavaram. All of us took a cup of hot coffee and the lecturer got us a roll of Glaxo biscuits. We shared the biscuits like brothers of the same family. The train steamed out of the platform and we piled our suit-cases one on another and made a table of suit cases! For what purpose? to play cards? Yes, we played cards. Each was in high spirits; very often "with three trumps headed by an ace," "two-fifty" was declared.

We know Tanjore is famous for its delicious meal in its Indian Restaurant at the station. So all of us got down there and ate our fill. The heaviness of the meal weighed on us; for no longer did we play cards or enter into any wit competition.

The clock showed 11-47, the train steamed into the platform of Golden Rock and every one of us peeped out from the windows to get some glimpse of the huge building of the workshop and the colony near by; everything lit by innumerable electric lights. We reached Trichy Junction and saw the manifold changes made in the platform.

After Trichy to Kodaikanal Road the journey was tedious and ever more tedious because of the chill night. Some slept, some were idly lying down and some conversing in a low tone.

At 3 o'clock in the morning we reached the Kodaikanal Road station. We hired an omnibus direct to the Kodai Hills. We stopped at Bathlakundu and picked up one of our lively companions, resident in the place.

The cock crew and we were at Tum-Tumpari. That is the place where the ascent on the hills is visible and from whence real natural scenery extends abundantly. There was a big waterfall on a neighbouring hill-side visible on our left. We waited here till sunrise.

The road is cut out from the slope of a hill and it is a gradual ascent. It is a serpentine path and at every turning there is a post cautioning the driver to sound his horn. On the right there was a big hill covered with thickets; here a high-topped tree and there an overhanging promontory. On the left there was a deep abyss, full of trees and twigs and a little stream of water was babbling over them. Some distant hill sides vouchsafed a fine view of the rows and columns of the well-grown plantains. In some places, the edge of the road was lined with coffee plants and blackberries; pot-like honey-combs were hanging down from the sturdy branches of the gum-trees. Only R. L. Stevenson could describe the sublimity, beauty, and liveliness of the natural scenery here. We must however, say something of the Silver Casquade, a grand and beautiful waterfall near the hill station. The beauty of the waterfall cannot be adequately described in words, but it should be painted on a canvas by a master artist.

We got down at the Ring bungalow on the hill station. Opposite to the bungalow there was a beautiful lake and the European boating club. Most of the people there are European planters. They come to the Boating Club after 8 A.M., and row in canoes for about three hours together.

Our meal there needs special mention. There is only

one Indian hotel (to which we went). The cook served the boiled rice as soon as it was taken from the oven. I took one grain of the boiled rice and placed it on the floor. Curiously enough, it wound like an earth worm. The cold climate of the place accounts for this phenomenon.

It was raining that day, so we could not proceed to the Astronomical Observatory. Next morning about 9 o'clock we motored to the Observatory. The Observatory is situated on the very summit of one of the highest hills of the place. We examined some important instruments here, thanks to the permission given by Mr. Narayana Ayyar, the Assistant Director.

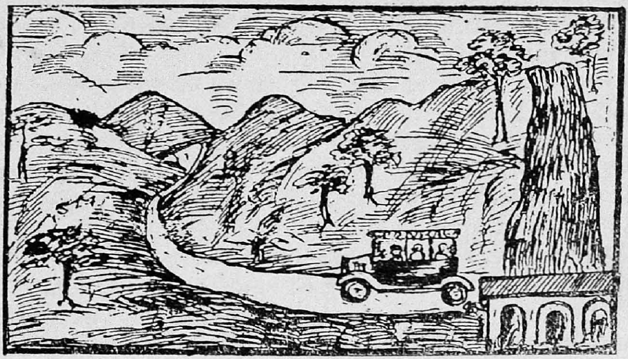
From the Observatory, we motored to see the rock pillars, natural rocks in the form of gigantic pillars. There is a small forest, a deep descent and many caves near these rocks. On a tree in the forest we carved "Annamalai University students". To be in that place is to lead a life of Romance.

Then we returned to our residence and immediately we had to start to the Kodaikanal Road station. The down-journey was not so jovial and lively as the up-journey. Everybody was affected with dizziness on account of the zigzag road.

The return journey by the train has no interest. Many of us dispersed on the way and the journey took place during the night.

On the whole, the excursion resulted in our very great satisfaction and benefit, thanks to the enthusiasm, the high spirits, the indefatigable interest and the extraordinary sociability of the lecturer who kindly accompanied us.

S. MAHADEVAN.



THE SILVER CASQUADE

True Friendship

The civilization of the Tamils of South India a little before the advent of the Christian era is of really great interest for students of history. A perusal of the ancient classic works of Purananuru, a collection of verses by different poets in praise of the princes of the Tamil land, will give a very vivid picture of the life of the people, their system of government, their moral order, their knowledge of nature, their conception of theism and above all their learning. The authors of Purananuru, as could be drawn by inference through a close study of it, were men of high intellect, ideals and a philanthropic turn of mind. Of the several poets, Kapila, a Brahman born of the highest order, stood foremost. He was pure at heart and possessed vast learning. He had a very high character and a good many virtues. There were many advisers who held him in high esteem and who were contemporary poets and kings.

A King chieftain known as Pari reputed far and wide for charities, was the life-comrade of the poet. The undoubted virtues and vast learning in the poet endeared the chieftain who had him at once as his own Court Poet. As years advanced, the bond of friendship grew to such a degree that they loved each other as brothers. Pari the chieftain of the hills (known as Parambu) had a rich fertile country consisting of three hundred villages inhabited by all classes of people and highland tribes. Besides, there was a class of people known as Panars famous for their dexterity in playing Yal, a musical instrument, which gave a melodious sound. Pari had a very high name for his charities as could be testified by the fact of the title that was given to him as one of the Vallalas of the last Sangham period. Countless poets, learned men, and musicians thronged before him in his days and none of these left him without a small present. The presents were in the form

of gold, elephants and horses and so on. Never a day passed without guests in his palace fort. He was of such an incontestably philanthropical bent of mind that, once when he saw a jasmine plant swaying with a disturbed movement caused by a blow of the wind, he thought it felt pain. He at once lost his peace of mind and gave the plant his own chariot as a present. Added to the high order of his charities, he was a brave warrior who could not be subdued in his region by any number of invaders from other countries. Hence none of his enemies dared to tread there.

Let us give a description ot his hilly region as could be drawn from the works of Purananuru. The high picturesque hills were visible to distant parts around. The myriad sheets of stagnant crystalline waters here and there on the several sides of the hills appeared as bright stars in heaven. The murmuring flow of waters in the rivulets fell from top downwards in their zigzag courses. The hills and dales were covered with verdure of trees bearing flowers of different hue and fruits of many kinds. The rocky places covered by creepers and trees twined together, served as resorts for the youths and maidens brought together by chance, who exchanged glances with reciprocal feelings of love, and enjoyed the pleasures of life as lovers. This was the procedure at the marriage of the Tamils at that period as there is evidence to this fact from a chapter dealt with by Tiruvalluvar in his works as "Kalaviyal". The whole region situated in a high land presented a pleasing view from the distant surrounding parts. Everywhere honey was gathered by bees on the insurmountable steep rocks. Long bamboo ladders were used to get the honey by the dwellers there. Bamboo, rice, jack fruits, and sweet roots were the chief products which served as food for the people. On the slopes of the hills green grass was in full growth which the wild cattle ate and roamed freely. Butter and ghee

were in abundance. There were fine deer and peacocks on the hills. The dense forests abounded in wild cats, tigers and elephants. On the highest peak of the hills was a rock fortress with surrounding walls and gates guarded by armed men. In the middle of the fortress was a fine palace in which Pari with the members of the royal family lived as a celestial being. Panas, poets and dancers gathered before the chieftain, emptied the wine casks and indulged days and nights in chit-chat, in hymns of praise and in dance. Long prosperous days rolled on and no rival king nor even an emperor ever enjoyed life so cheerfully as our chieftain 'Pari.'

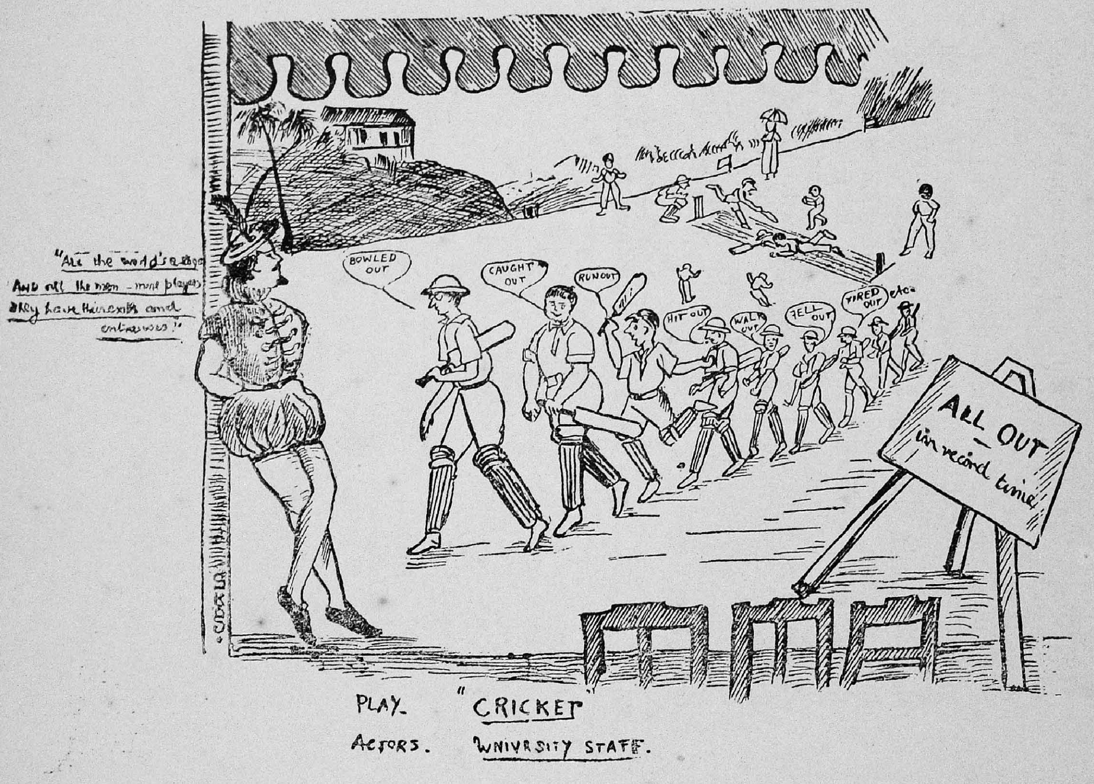
Evil days had befallen on him, the poor king. The treacherous Tamil Kings, Chera, Chola and Pandya with their premeditated device came on an invasion by surprise. The chieftain King was quite unaware of the incidental war that now awaited him. He had no arrangements to meet his enemies. The three Kings with their troops surrounded all sides of the fortress. Their troops consisted of elephants, horses chariots and cavalry with spears, lances and shields. Pari did not lose courage and guarded his fortress with his armed men who stood boldly fighting till death. As the invading armies were numerically strong he was vanquished by his enemies in spite of his hard attempts with much firmness of mind. The great poet laughed at the cowardly act of the Kings who dared not face Pari boldly and deprecated strongly the impropriety of their conduct as Kings who never observed "Aram" (Dharmam). The greedy Kings overtook the fortress and divided amongst themselves the booty they found in the palace.

Pari had two young daughters whom he, at his death, left under the control of his poet friend Kapila. The poet could not refrain his grief, sobbed at the condition of the royal family, and resolved he would also die with his friend. But he could not leave the two young

daughters suffer alone to their fate. He shed tears and cursed his life. Then he resolved to set out with the two young maids leaving the hills which seemed to bemoan the fate of the King and their separation from the poet. He bade farewell to the hills and the rock waters and proceeded in his way, and came after many days' journey with the orphans to his small insignificant village of thatched houses.

In that small village the two daughters spent some years with frequent sighs and tears, over the momentary loss of their beloved father. The melancholy caused by the demise of his friend and the pitiable condition of the children never parted from the mind of the poet. He brought the children up till the day when they reached the age of matrimony. Kapila now had a great anxiety over the maids as he thought they must be married to suitable husbands according to their royal birth and status. He took the two maids before 'Irunkoval,' a King of a very high ancestry and requested him to accept them in marriage. The King refused to comply with his request. Then the poet went to another King, Vichikone who also expressed his dissent. This was a great gloom which perplexed the mind of the poet from which he found no freedom. And also the thoughts of his acquaintance with the deceased King always came to his mind and he held this world of misery in detestation. The heavy cloud of responsibility rested upon him, which was the marriage of the two daughters. It was the custom in those days that Brahmans could marry in other castes. Thereupon he had them married to a Brahman and thus fulfilled his patriarchal duty.

The poet was thus free and he then thought his soul could rest in peace. He retired to the northern forests nddeiad of prayopavesa, a fatal fast with neither food nor water for a number of days. These were the last words he uttered before his soul parted from his body


"All the world's a stage
And all the men - mere players
They have their exits and
entrances!"
BOWLED OUT
CAUGHT OUT
RUN OUT
HIT OUT
WALK OUT
FELL OUT
TIRED OUT
etc.
ALL OUT
in record time
PLAY. "CRICKET"
ACTORS. UNIVERSITY STAFF.

"Oh King !, You had forgotten me and departed alone. I too hate this world. And I now die here to join you again in my next birth."

All the time he remained with the King, he never expected any sort of benevolence or obligation. He found real friendship in him. He was gay in his company when he lived and he was much distressed when he could see him no more. He had the firmness of mind to die and through death he thought he could join his friend again to enjoy his company. This was the friendship that existed between them. This striking narrative about the friendship of an high and inestimable character will really remain an impression in our minds and also a great example not only to our Tamil land but also to the human world.

K. S. SIVARAMAN,
Vidvan 3rd Class.
3—12—1929.

On the distinction between the use of "Mr." and "Esq."

(FOR THE "ANNAMALAINAGAR MISCELLANY")

A distinction, which might appear invidious, though quite wrongly, is frequently made in the attribution of these English titles. It has been thought worth while therefore, to print a brief explanatory note here on the origin and use of these terms, for the information of student Secretaries and others who have to draw up public notices.

The position is that the first is a courtesy title but the latter is a legal one. It is true that the title "Esq." has, since about 1700 in England become in practice a courtesy title and is now used by all and sundry. But the fact remains that it is a legal title as much as "Knight", and in fact, in heraldry comes immediately below that. Further, by an Act of Parliament passed under Anne, its use is restricted to certain classes of persons, among whom "Masters of Arts of the two Universities, Oxford and Cambridge" are specifically mentioned.

It is clear, from the above, that logically, only three courses are open, *i.e.*, (1) to call everyone an "Esquire" without distinction, (2) to disuse the title altogether and (3) to confine its use to those who are legally entitled to bear it. As, however, none of these courses would appear to be without some objection, it is suggested, as a compromise that, so far as concerns the use of the title among ourselves, it might be given to those who, not being student members of the University, have no honorific title *either* as an integral part of their Indian name *or* as indicating status, (*e.g.* Dr. or Revd.) This, however, is thrown out merely as a suggestion.

L.F.C.K.T.

Myself

Once upon a time while I was travelling, the idea of writing my memoirs came to me. I suppose everybody gets the same inspiration when he is in one of our wonderful Railway trains. We all feel we are travelling eternally even if we go only to Portonovo. But this idea soon passed and I felt no compelling urgency to let the world into my secrets till to-day. Now I can resist this impulse no longer. Besides as a traveller of a different sort I feel justified in giving due publicity to my experiences and my feelings. You may say that it is better to wait till after the journey has ended. Then I may tell you that the world has been long accustomed to get and now positively demands advance information about things not yet begun. And I may repeat that I am now a traveller of a different sort.

Long before I was a " Man ", I was heir to the ills that human flesh inherits. My portion was Meningitis or Mumps. I forget which. This seems to have retarded my, mental development. Hence I was not particularly brilliant in my classes. I never moved easily from one class to another and left the junior classes with profound regret. Even slow movement is movement and in the fullness of time I had to say "Good bye", to my High School, with a certificate which says "You have left the school; You may go to a college." I also went and was admitted. Patient grind pays and I cleared the Intermediate without any mishap. I had a vulgar taste in letters, scarcely flying higher than the story papers. Fortified with such intellectual food I used to warn my friends to remember that they are Indians, that they must be punctilious in writing English and should cultivate the Hindi. The Intermediate over, I was urged by my friends to take up an Hons. course on the ground

that it is the only one which pays. They forgot to say how much. I did as I was told. Now I am 21. Naturally my parents are keen on getting me married.

My father is an old man and will never see fifty again. He had dreamt of doing great things ; but he had not done any. Many feared his violent outbursts of temper. My mother is an invalid. She is always irritable and petulant. Often she quarelled with her husband, for she married him when he was full of hopes and then found that he was full of nothing else.

One day my father was entertained by his wife with a stormy lecture on my 'marriage. She was indignant that my father was indifferent towards me; that the neighbouring families had gone on from marriage to marriage. Just then the postman brought a letter to my father. Hastily tearing it open my father read it and was exultant.

The letter betrayed its contents by the saffron and the turmeric that rioted in its corners. The very ink was the auspicious and urgent red. It was an appeal from the anxious parent of a girl to the doubtful generosity of the father of an eligible bridegroom. A horoscope of the girl giving the usual particulars about planetary inter-relations and their peculiar interest in her was also enclosed.

My father at once sent for Josiam Subramaniya Aiyar, residing at East Car St.; by the way I may inform my readers that this Aiyar is true to type, who would in other climes have gravitated to the gallows. He was reckless in getting into debts as often as others allowed him, never caring for the morrow. *Josiam* was his regular profession, not a hobby. But he was a jolly fellow to mix with, with broad up-country humour that was in keeping with his usually adipose constitution. He came with his mouth fully stuffed with tobacco and made much fuss over my horoscope and the girl's for over an hour. He said that there was no Angarakan in the 7th and the 8th houses; that there was *Desai Porutham* and finally con-

cluded that both the horoscopes agreed splendidly. My father, being as he was an old fashioned "Orthodox," had limitless faith in this windbag of astrological nonsense. After getting a couple of rupees the Aiyar vanished. When he had departed my father addressed his wife :—

What do you say ? Shall we settle this *Varam* ?

Mother :—We must ask the boy about this ; after all it is he who is going to marry.

Father :—Why should we ask the boy at all ? Why this waste of time ?

If we settle the marriage it will be quite alright.

He is only a " Baby ", and besides, what can *he* have to say on this ?

My mother insisted upon my being consulted in this affair.

Just then as I was returning from College completely wet. I took off my coat and cap and pulled out a book from the shelf and was going upstairs when my mother called me out.

Mother :—What are you going to do ?

Myself :—To read, of course.

Mother :—Come here, I want to talk about an important affair.

Myself :—Anything particular ?

Mother :—Yes.

I came and my mother began to talk for about half an hour about my indifference towards marriage, that it was scandalous that I should be 21 (which I can't help) and be unmarried. I expressed my desire to marry when I have nothing else to do. My father who was a silent spectator till now burst out :

You-you-Silly fool ! What have *You* to do with your marriage ? I consulted the astrologer about the horoscopes and he said that this is the most splendid *Varam* he could conceive of. If you don't consent to this I wash my hands of you.

Myself.—I have no faith in all these horsocopes and much less in *josiams.* (This was cut short by a grunt of "Nonsense," from my father.)

What! You have no faith in horoscopes! That is simply impertinent. That comes from your western education which makes men beasts and beasts men. What! No Faith! Hem! Impudent, nothing short of it. You forget you are a Brahmin! You forget you are a Brahmin!

Evidently it is impossible to argue with my father. He cared neither for reason nor for argument. He stood obdurate. Brahmanical obedience and instinctive cowarddice made a good combination, and I said I was willing to be married.

A week passed. My own thoughts being much agitated from the effect of the previous week's occurrence and not being able to settle my mind to work, I sallied forth to take a long walk in the hope that the bracing atmosphere would restore me to some degree of cheerfulness. I returned late at night. My father advanced one step forward and I was drawn close into the game. He waxed eloquent over the beauty of my intended bride.

"Is she accomplished ?" I asked.

Father :—Oh! She sings so melodiously that our neighbours Sita and Jaya must be really ashamed of themselves. She is young and belongs to a respectable family. She is now reading, I understand, in the 3rd Form and it is just possible that she may become a full fledged "She-Graduate" before you enter life. What more would you be wanting ?

Myself :—Will you allow me, father, to go and have a look at the girl before I marry her ?

Father :—Why should you go ? Is it not enough if your mother goes and sees her ? She knows better than you. Doesn't she ?

Myself :—My mother is not going to marry the girl.

It is I. I do not want it to be too much of an Indian marriage.

Father :—" Stuff " cried out my father. What sort of marriage did you ever contemplate at all ?

Discretion is the better part of valour. Hence I took leave. Another week passed. After a great deal of persuasion my father allowed me to go. He also wired to that effect. I had provided simple but becoming apparel for the occasion. Indeed I may say without vanity that I never looked more handsome than on that occasion.

Here I must request the readers to picture to themselves an elegant suburban villa residence in Teynampet. It was neatly furnished ; some of the rooms were entirely in the European style. This villa as the reader might have foreseen was the dwelling place of my " Father-in-law-elect ".

The weather was superb on the day when I arrived at Madras ; the sun shining brightly, sirens hooting, birds singing, etc., everything appeared delightful to my eyes. I arrayed myself tastefully my dress being replete with elegance. Thus I arrived and " taxied " down to the villa exactly at 7 A.M. I was received in a fitting manner, and my comforts were looked after with oriental lavishness and European decency.

I soon found I was an object of some interest there. Two or three good-looking women peeped through the window. Among them I saw the mother of the bride surveying me with a curiosity not completely flattering to my importance. I stayed for some days. If there was one feature which impressed me more than another about the master of the villa, it was his innate buoyancy of disposition. In spite of his age his voice had an almost boyish ring. He daily took me for an evening drive in his " Dodge", and said a thousand flattering things.

One day we returned earlier. Papa (so the bride was

named) was playing on the Violin and when she heard our footsteps, stopped and looked at me. I looked at her and our eyes met. That was enough for me. "She had a caricature of a face". That was the first time I saw her. I wished it would also be the last. My position is better imagined than described. I controlled myself. That night I nevertheless strove to appear as gay as possible. When we sat down to supper I pretended to eat as usual as if nothing extraordinary had happened.

Next morning I took leave of my host and came back home. The agony of my soul was intense. I told my father all that happened. Even then he was adamant. He felt that breaking the engagement meant great things lost—his dignity and sense of honour and of importance. He was the master of the house. His word was Law. My marriage was settled.

The day was soon fixed. Many of my relations, friends, and well-wishers foregathered. All preparations for the event had been made. The *Nichayathartham*—that dreary function dragged on till twelve in the night, and after that everybody went to bed.

Fain would I stop my narrative here: but I must go on. I had already planned about the course I had to adopt. As usual I went to my room. It was past midnight, and the rain was beating heavily against the window. Thunder roared and the lightnings flashed. Nature herself seemed to revolt against this monstrous marriage. Indeed, I felt like the hero in a melodrama, and wrote my usual stagey letter:—

MY DEAR FATHER,

In desiring your forgiveness for what I contemplate doing, and will have done by the time this meets your eye, I feel that life in this "vale of tears" for one so circumstanced as I am, is unthinkable. As you are merciless towards me, so I am implacable towards you.

Many reasons may make marriage justifiable; but love alone can make it beautiful. I can scarcely look at the face of the woman whom you chose as my bride; still less can I do so if I am to be her husband. To be burdened with a wife from whom I recoil in disgust is sufficient provocation to justify my speedy and permanent exit.

Your most affectionate son,
SANTA.

Having placed the letter on my table, I stealthily came out of my house. No thought of rest came over my mind except of that far-off sleep, from which there could be no more waking for me into this struggling earthly life. Good God ! What a life to lead ! To be compelled to laugh with an appearance of merriment when despair is in possession of the soul, to affect delight when there is disgust!—Will the reader be surprised to learn by this time that suicide was the only solace for anguish so keen ? Suicide—Ah !—That was indeed my only resort now. In that moment of frenzy all the tenderest and dearest bonds which had previously held me to life snapped. Opposite to my house I stood for a while looking around. There is perfect stillness. I pray my last prayer to Heaven. Then I slowly take out my little "automatic". I have finished my life story ; I shall not lay down the revolver ; it will fall to the ground with a crash when it has done its work.

"SANTA."

The Enigma or "What does it Mean?"

What a host of speculations, researches and comments! It is only a few days back. that we received the first issue of the Annamalainagar Miscellany and one wonders at the vast field of criticism it has given rise to among the student population. No, not its contents but the image on the wrapper of the Miscellany.

There is a general outcry, "Oh, what a falling off from spirit divine to vulgarity! What a mean substitute for the image of Sri Nataraja of our previous Minakshi College Miscellany! A naked woman! A woman in costumes wish which Mother Nature provided her! Oh, does the spirit of the public grow backwards as education advances? Does the growth of education to a wider sphere change the nobility of conception to vulgarity? Oh, shameful transformation!"

A gentleman of fashions breaks in, "Why, friends, what is the oddity about the image which draws for your voluminous, vehement exclamations? Is it about the woman? Oh, it is but natural. It goes in concordance with the spirit of the age. Are you unaware of the growing civilisation and the fashions of the day? Why, Sirs, a look at our illustrated newspapers will tell you the tale. Oh, what a wonderful change from the irksome and superfluous costumes of the past to those of extreme convenience and economy now-a-days! Have you not seen the present fashions in the costumes of the fairer sex in western countries? By the by, have you not seen an article a few days back in one of our dailies, that 'Mixed bathing with *nothing on*' is growing popular in certain parts of Germany and also something about a "costumeless club" and its rapid growth? Why, our fashions are tending towards the primitive state of mankind. Were we born with anything on? If such be the tendency of the world, why should not our Miscellany foretell it?"

One with the look of a philosopher hums in the way of clearing his throat and begins. "I say, the image is a perfect conception. Are we not all learned men and hence incapable of any turn of mind to vulgarity? Why should we jump in with the vulgar common spirit? Have we not already shaken off the crude state of mind and refined it? Are not our minds full to the brim with high and noble ideals? Our souls soar up to eternity and then, why should we care about this materialistic fast-decaying clay? We have all attained a stage in our life when it is our duty to leave off the rank vapours of this sin-worn world. Have you not heard of nor seen Nirmana Sanyasins of our country, who, with their minds bent upon celestial aspirations and thoughts, leave their outer vessels to roam about in outer darkness? Have you not heard of Suka Brahmani, the greatest of our past Nirmanasanyasins? Why, Sirs, the naked picture on the wrapper of the Miscellany is an attribute to us and it is nothing but a symbolic expression to show that we have all reached a stage where vulgarity has no scope to enter our thoughts."

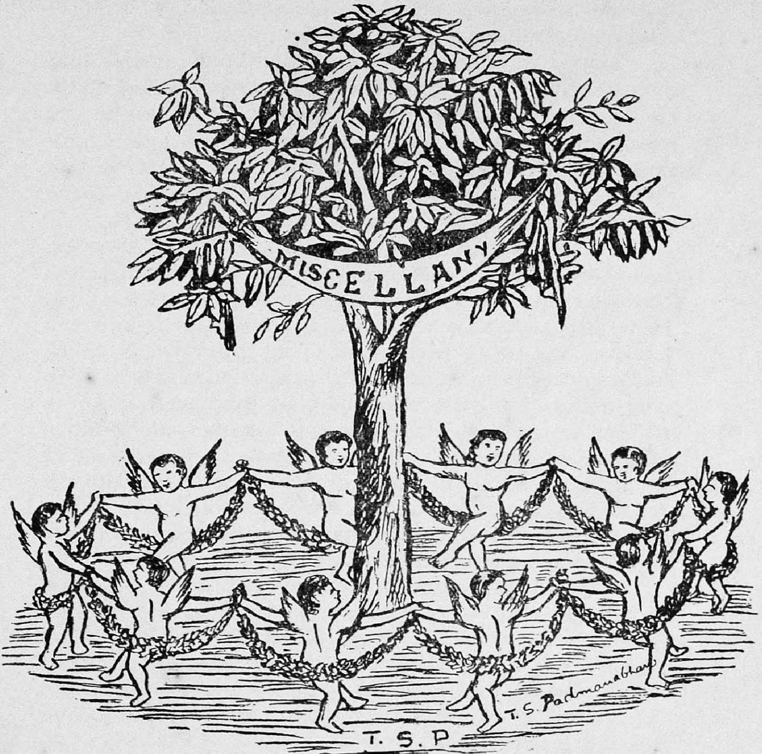
"This is all nonsense and bosh," cried a social reformer. "My dear brethren, have you not eyes to see? Can you take up a minor part of the picture and criticise the whole from it? Don't you see the outstanding feature of the grand tree laden with all sorts of fruits? Don't you observe plantains, apples, mangoes, grapes and some other fruits growing on the same tree? What does that signify? Why, the eternal brotherhood of man. Ha, what a noble truth is revealed by the tree! What a nice conception of nobility of purpose! Oh, it is *the* example to be followed in our long diseased Mother India. Disastrous party system and religious sectarianism,restrictions and communal quarrels, Oh, why should these harass our poor Mother India and throw her as a prey to gluttonous vultures? Can we not "sing and shine in sweet consent" and make her a

healthy strong, and united whole? What an ingenious idea has devised the symbol of the tree! It is a tonic for the diseased nation and the true representative of brotherhood among students."

A devout Christian jumps up in glee and asserts that the symbolism of the image is taken from Christian myth. He says that the Christian faith is one of the best in the world and that the symbol is taken from Eve in her innocent state, in the garden of Eden. An indignant Saivite exclaims that the insertion of that vulgar picture in place of that of Nataraja is simply an intentional outrage.

Many other speakers came forth with their theories, speculations and researches and one big, buzzing and confused noise is all that could be distinguished for a time. However, a clear audible voice breaks forth and the buzzing dies away with astonishing rapidity. A calm-looking person proceeds in an attractive manner, "My dear friends, I wonder why you should bother yourselves with all sorts of speculations over this simple but ingenious image, newly adopted. It is regrettable that every one of you should take up a certain aspect of the image with the result that all of you come to the same conclusion as the blind men in the story who each examined a part of the elephant and conceived an idea of it".

"The symbolism of the image", he adds, "is plain. Will you please consider calmly the various features of it? There is a grand tree bearing all sorts of fruits. What is it? Why, it is the tree of knowledge with fruits of all sorts of education. It has newly sprung among us and it is our University. Don't you see the clues given by the artist? Don't you see a violin and a book with its pages open in the centre of the branches of the tree? Yes, they are the symbols of the various departments of our University, the Music College, and the Arts College, with all its branches, Science, English and Oriental Departments. The tree of knowledge is our University,


MISCELLANY
T. S. P
T. S. Padmanabhan

with its various fruits of different sorts of education nourished by a divine angel with the waters of knowledge. This is my humble idea of the image".

A sudden enlightenment shines forth from every one's eyes and all of them appear to be satisfied with the explanation of the last speaker. Notwithstanding, one rises from a corner and enquires :—

" My dear, Sir, one doubt still lingers in my mind, can you explain that, please ? If the figure of the woman represent an angel, why did the artist forget to endow the angel with wings according to the usual convention ? If the figure of the angel is naked according to convention it should also have wings according to the same rules.

Another rises with the suggestion that the naked woman is the personification of Education herself.

The suggestion did not seem to satisfy many and the doubt still lingered :—

Why is the woman pictured as naked ? So will it continue to be until and unless the artist or the Editors condescend to explain the matter.

R. N. RAJAN.
IV-A.

The Fate of Genius

Men of great latent and genius, before the world came to recognise them as such, had to undergo untold miseries. The great blind epic poet, Homer, was a beggar. But, when his merits came to be recognised,

> " Seven cities strove for Homer dead,
> While living Homer begged his bread".

Every one is aware of the life of wretchedness and meanness led by Bacon, the essayist. It was during his thirteen years' imprisonment in the tower, that Raleigh wrote a part of his ' History of the world', " a project of vast extent "; and it was the unhappy lot of this " courtier, soldier, sailor, and discoverer by turns " to die an ignoble death on the scaffold. Yet another prison writer was Bunyan the tinker, whose important literary works, including the immortal, ' Pilgrim's Progress ' were published when he was in prison. Goldsmith, the author of the ' Vicar of Wakefield, ' who " wrote like an angel", was always poor and in debt. He was a great genius without any talent for the practical affairs in life, Milton, when struck by blindness, " still bore up and steered right onward". His greatest works were produced when he was ' poor, sick, old, blind, slandered and persecuted'. Dante wrote his great work when he was poor and in exile. The nobles and critics of his time could not comprehend the genius of Michael Angelo. Tasso was also the victim of almost continual persecution and calumny. Sir Walter Scott died in the act of writing. This he had to do to relieve himself from the debts incurred by the failure of his firm. Shelley died at the comparatively early age of thirty when he was at the height of his poetical power. Keats gave up his whole soul to the search for Beauty in poetry. He made even ordinary words convey a spiritual meaning and a power of their own. He has composed lines that have a magical beauty quite indescribable. What he

could have done, if he had lived longer, we cannot tell. He died at Rome at the early age of twenty-five; his ashes rest near those of Shelley. Who can forget the brilliant but unfortunate Thomas Chatterton, 'the marvellous boy, the sleepless soul that perished in his pride ?' He died when he was only eighteen ; he left behind very little, but that little is pure unalloyed gold. From him Keats derived his inspiration and dedicated his Endymion to this boy's memory. 'Slow rises worth, by poverty depressed.' (Johnson.)

Science also has had its martyrs, who have threaded their way to light through persecution, difficulty and suffering. Galileo was persecuted for the supposed heterodoxy of his views. Lavoisier, on whose discoveries the superstructure of Chemistry is based, was guillotined in the first French Revolution. Dr. Priestley, the father of modern chemistry and a contemporary of the former, was driven out of England; his library was consigned to the flames and he had to lay down his bones in a foreign land. Even the pure and simple-minded Newton, of whom one has said, that 'he had the whitest soul he ever knew,' was accused of 'dethroning the Deity' when he propounded his Law of Gravitation. A similar charge was made against Franklin for describing the nature of the thunderbolt. Indeed there has scarcely been a discovery in natural History or Astronomy which has been not attacked by the narrow-minded as leading to infidelity or irreligion; for example, the existence of fossils as a witness to the immense antiquity of the earth's surface; the evolution of natural species, proving that man is "one life" with the lower animals; while even the modern attempts to investigate on scientific lines the mysteries of the subconscious mind and of abnormal psychical happenings meet with their detractors.

S. SANKARA NARAYANAN
II Class
(*The Annamalai University.*)

Asoka's Greatness

Among those monarchs, who raised their country aloft on 'the wings of their genius', and gave their subjects a long period of glorious prosperity, a student of Indian History must notice, especially, the greatness of one, who belonged to the royal Mauryan line of Ancient India, Asoka, the emperor, and the veritable apostle of Buddhism.

Few figures in history ancient or modern, have received such a consensus of appreciation as Asoka. Critics, historians, and representatives of all the realms of thought, are unanimous in their verdict about this brilliant son of India.

'Asoka is one of the greatest souls that India ever reared'. Though an emperor with innumerable officers to obey his order, Asoka had none of the pomposity of a grand monarch. He led an ordinary, virtuous, quiet, life; he took only simple food; he did not indulge in strong drinks. 'He was indefatigable in his efforts to promote the moral, material, and spiritual welfare of his subjects.' Combining in himself the piety of a monk, and the extraordinary wisdom of a king, Asoka spared no effort to preserve quiet in his realm. He says in one of his edicts 'I am not satisfied with my endeavour; I must work hard in order to discharge my duties towards human beings.' His activities bear testimony to the strenuous life he led. He was accessible to all his subjects even when he was in the harem. He was a man without a single flaw to mar his character; and he may be justly compared with another flawless Imperial Saint, the Roman Marcus Aurelius. 'Asoka was the father of his fatherland; he was a servant to his subjects.'

As an emperor, Asoka 'overpeers' all the kings of Ancient Indian History. He was in every inch a king.

A man, who ruled his vast empire with the harmless instrument of 'Dharma,' Asoka was able to steer 'the ship of state' with the help of 'well-graded officials with well-defined powers.'. His government was a highly organised and thoroughly efficient one. Impartial justice was meted out to all individuals irrespective of their 'station in life.' 'Oppression was struck at wherever and whenever it was found. The royal authority was exercised with equal force in the remotest parts of his realm. 'Certainly,' as a historian remarks, 'he was a ruler endowed, with rare firmness, indomitable will and exceptional capacity.'

He ensured the loyalty of the border tribes by evincing a generous solicitude for their welfare.

Regarding himself as a godsent-individual to look after humanity at large, Asoka did not discriminate between the subjects of his realm and those of any other. 'He', as Prof. 'Rhys Davids remarks, attempted the impossible, and tried to reform human nature.' The very fact, that he was able to maintain absolute peace and order in his wide, and vast, empire, for nearly half a century, constitutes his greatest claim to statesmanship. In the long roll of ancient Indian monarchs there is no greater monarch than Asoka!

If Asoka was a great administrator he was also a great soldier. His pacific spirit and his other traits of character must not be allowed to obscure the fact that his military talents were superb. 'He was a transcendent strategic genius.' Like Cromwell he was a man of indomitable courage and stern resolute will. Though he did not revolutionize the art of Mauryan warfare he gave it fresh vigour and life. His success in the Kalinga war affords, more than anything else, clear evidence of the strength, not only of his invincible army, but also of the man who organised it so efficiently.

Perhaps it is in the realm of religion that the name

of Asoka shines brightest. The horrors of the Kalinga war struck him with such remorse that he abstained from further aggressive warfare. He then turned his attention to what he called 'the true conquest' (*i.e*) the conquest of man's hearts with the law of duty. He was an ardent devotee of the Buddhist faith; he did all that was within his ability to foster Buddhism both in and out of India. The numerous Rock and Pillar edicts of his which, as an Historian says, "are the most valuable and remarkable set of inscriptions in the world," give, for the most part, his view on religion (*i.e.*, Buddhism). They are the noble memorials of his earnestness and piety.

Asoka was as zealous in the cause of his religion as he was energetic in performing his kingly duties. By setting a personal example, he was able to infuse, into the minds of his subjects, a spirit of reverence for Buddhism. He was enthusiastic in dispatching Buddhist missionaries not only to Thambapani but also to the remotest corners of the then known world. Inspite of Rhys David's remark that 'Asoka's estimate of the successes of his Hellenic missions is better evidence of his own vanity than of Greek docility,' it must be held, that 'he was not a mere patron, but a veritable apostle of Buddhism. Sincere and hard working as he was, 'he had his reward in the vast diffusion of that religion and that it is which constitutes his special work in the world, and which may be counted to his credit as the true conquest, which was his ideal'. But for his patronage, Buddhism would not have become a world religion.

If Asoka was a convinced Buddhist, he was tolerant also to other forms of religious worships. Like Akbar and Queen Victoria, this great monarch 'proclaimed and enforced religious toleration.' He made donations to Brahmins, dedicated caves to Azivakas and condemned sectarian fanatics.'

Asoka was also a great builder, and gave new en-

couragement to sculpture and painting. Eminent architects, sculptors and painters, came flocking to the court of Asoka, and were all patronised by the emperor. The lofty pillars that were erected in the various parts of his empire, the innumerable Buddhist busts and statues, and the magnificent temples, dedicated to 'his Lord Buddha,' are all pieces of exquisite workmanship. Such a work would be an ample proof of greatness in any king in any age. As Dr. Smith observes, 'The costliness and and the magnitude of his buildings and monuments are enough, in themselves, to prove that the empire, in which the creation of such work was possible, must have been rich and tranquil.'

Prof. Rhys Davids observes that 'Asoka lacked the most effective sort of practical statesmanship; and that his interference with the private life of his subjects, and his enforcement of the Ahimsa doctrine produced much discontent, and led to the downfall of his Empire.' A poor compliment is this to the great emperor. True, the empire collapsed immediately after his death, but it was due more to the weakness of his successors than to any lack of statesmanship on his part.

In short, Asoka is one of the most striking and interesting personalities not only in Indian History, but also in the history of the world. 'The greatest emperor that India has ever seen, Asoka remains one of the greatest emperors of the world.' As one Historian says 'Asoka is the greatest monarch in the whole range of historical literature.'

I may conclude with Mr. H. G. Well's statement that 'if a man's fame can be measured by the number of hearts who revere his memory, by the number of lips who have mentioned and still mention him with honour, Asoka is more famous than Charlemagne or Julius Cæsar.'

A. N. SUBRAMANIAN.

Another Article on Snuff.

Many have sung the potent charms of this divine compound so as almost to make the theme hackneyed. It is with no idea of giving some new notions of the subject or to expound some revelation that I write this; but these few words are necessarily due from every individual whose sole delight and consolation is snuff. He pays his homage at its shrine. He expresses his gratitude just as the shepherds offer sacrifices to the "Courteous Pan."

Machiavelli or any other diplomatist of the highest rank could not have been more subtle in his policy than this; it insinuates itself into our good graces though we may be trying to avoid it, with our eyes wide open. Keats exclaims:

> Oh for ten years that I might drown
> Myself in Poesy:

He transports himself to the "fairy land of fancy" by his poetic imagination (the viewless wings of Poesy.) Probably he did not know that opium and snuff were equally capable of this wonderful transportation.

Company becomes unbearable if cold reservedness prevails in it. Wit and humour break in and melt the reticence and the conversation flows on agreeably. If two snuffers are in the company they exchange their snuff boxes though they might not have known each other before and the occasion provides some lively topicality to indulge in. Snuff is the olive-branch proclaiming peace and the spirit of comradeship. It generates good fellowship and preserves it. We meet in novels—in (novels only)—good humoured, chubby, and kind faces beaming with hospitality. In real life if anybody is to be found answering to this agreeable account, I am sure—he is a staunch votary of snuff.

The student at a late hour in the night just the day before the examination—when everything is a nightmare to him—knows the incalculable power of snuff when one is in the teeth of difficulties a pinch of snuff which travels through the prominent part of the face, followed by sneezing "like a cannon heard long after the din of war had ceased" is an Elixir of Life. It may not be amiss here to bring before one's mind the picture of two individuals either in vindictive or vituperative strain. Before a duel is fought just as the seconds adjust the preliminaries so also these people take their snuff box out, tap it thrice, and send the soothing dust through the promontory on the face. Now and then they resort to it before starting or emphasising some new argument. The whole effect is heightened if the two belong to the noble but ill-rewarded profession of law.

It is quite necessary at this stage, to define the exact power of snuff. I do not want to be understood as maintaining that snuff is superior to everything else. Firstly, tospeak of smoking, I am afraid especially when we have a whole colony of smokers, that one day Sir Walter Raleigh's servant's apprehension might prove true. We are in constant danger in the company of smokers. I do dread going near a smoker, lest it should catch me. To speak of tobacco-using in its most natural and raw state and to see people preserving it in their mouth and not being able to speak is to think that they are probably under a curse. They are like a flock chewing the cud.* In this sense they are sheepish.

Opium produces indolence. The person under its effect is in a state of somnambulism; in a world full of disagreeable realities rebelliousness to endure the troubles and cowardice to face the hard facts of life drive him to the necessity of forgetting himself for a short span of time. But snuff does not deprive one of consciousness of the situation. For a moment he is in a trance and feels eleva-

* [*Does* the sheep chew the cud? (Ed.)]

ted. It provides him with resolution to cope with the overwhelming odds. Thus boldness to bear pain is produced by snuff. But opium produces cowardice and vice.

Froude saw in a vision the judgment day ; a whole vista of deer, turkeys, fowls and "number numberless" of carnivorous animals which he had consumed for his earthly existence appeared before him. So a snuffer can fancy the vast heap of the dust which he had used. To men of clean habits (clean in the sense that they do not use snuff, but resort to the least objectionable form of using tobacco)—the idea may be disagreeable. To me it is not so. The brilliance of the colour of the pile gives a retrospective tinge to the turn of my thoughts. It recalls to me the sprightly company with its sparkling wit, the days of youth when ideals are formed, the days when optimism is the virtue of every youthful mind. A certain lawyer's daughter when she was quite a small girl dreaded the creaking noise of her father's snuff box and even long after his death she fancied to hear the sound vibrating in her ears.

It is necessary to note here the twofold influence of snuff. To men in the prime of youth it is a rare gift which the Gods keep for those whom they wish to love.

To men in middle age it is something essential for their existence ; it is a prop they lean upon. We meet men too aged to care for this world ; Yet we always find them gracious and replenished with the spirit of caring not-a-jot-for-the-morrow. This revival of young spirits is owing to snuff. It is a cordial by which their good spirits are maintained.

We are as a nation becoming physically and intellectually weaker and weaker. We have much of the vacilating disposition in our complexion and are afraid to act on occasions. Practise snuffing and fill yourselves with resolution. In short, establish a commonwealth of snuffers ; and certainly a commonwealth of people is established.

The usual

The bird-tail

The feminine Bun

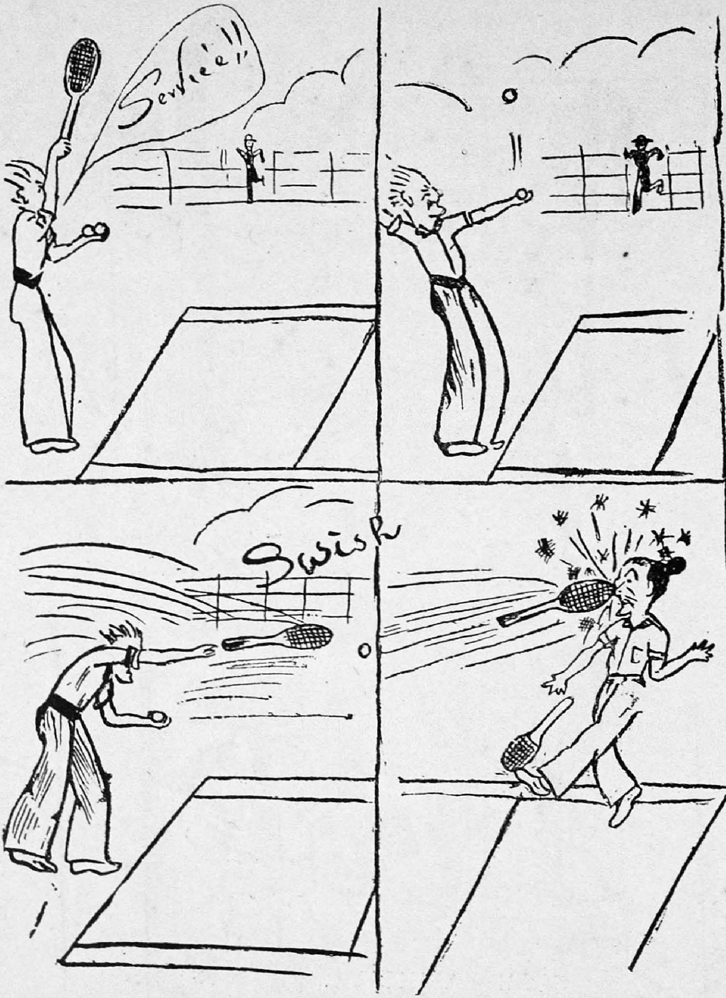
The Prickly Pear

The Cone

The pendulum

The Artistocratic

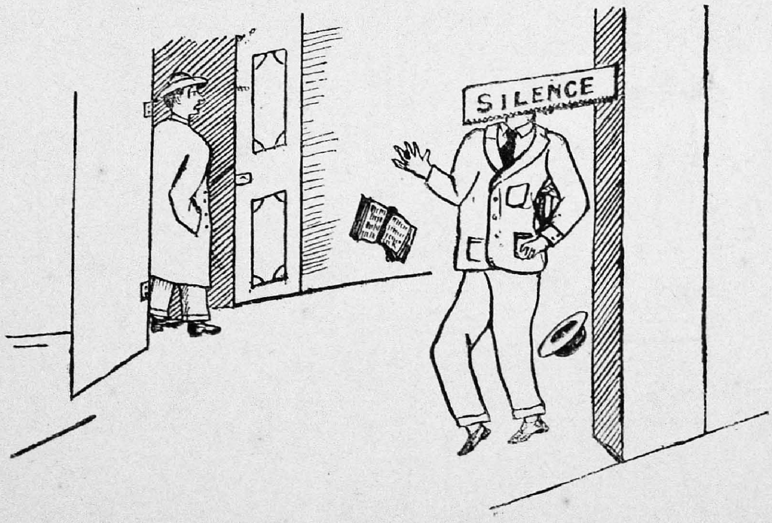
SOME FASHIONS IN "TUFTS"



The Pressing Service.
The Demon Service.

Service tres fort.
The hit-it-if-you-can Service.

SWORD OF SILENCE!



There is one other thing which has struck me much. We find that persons who have practised snuffing or tobacco in any form or as a matter of fact anything of the liquor kind, make it their great point to make their friends and fellow men indulge in it. They mention often, that their having made such and such a friend take to it as their great achievement. They speak about their methods, the various obstacles which they encountered, and finally mention in a proud tone their conquest. It seems to me, that these people feel like the "Jackal without a tail" and hence go about getting persons to partake in their bliss. I may be wrong in my opinion. After feeling the great powers of the potation, in a spirit of high-mindedness and generosity, these people may do it. If so, we should feel highly honoured and ever rest their debtors. Anyhow it shows that Man wants sympathy and hence he wants others also to become addicted to his habits.

Again and again as I reflect upon snuff and its uses I feel the immense truth couched in the following lines:—

Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth.
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand.
Covering the earth with odours, fruits and flocks.
But all to please and sate the curious taste?

* * *

If all the world
Should in a pet of temperance, feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream and nothing wear but frieze,
The All-giver would be unthanked, would be unpraised
Not half his riches known and yet despised.

T. NAGARAJAN,
IV Class.

Our University and why it should be a success

A University as we all know is a most important institution for the development of educational pursuits and for the betterment of one's country. I am sure England owes much of her political greatness to her Universities. University life is seen at its best, so everyone says, in England, nay, at Oxford and Cambridge. But there is no reason at all why we should not improve our Universities here in India, (our own dear motherland) and make them better if not as good as Oxford and Cambridge.

In South India we have so far only one University of longstanding and repute, and that is the Madras University. But Madras is a place to which many students find it difficult to go as it is so expensive. What is more, the true benefits of University life can be had only when we live in it, that is to say, a Residential University. So far South India has not had such University and consequently we have not been deriving the true benefits from our education. Therefore, knowing the value of such a Residential University, we should indeed be thankful to the Rajah Sahib and the Government for founding at Annamalainagar a University of that type.

Our University was founded barely six months ago and we commenced work with various ideas of change with regard to this, that and the other. The more enthusiastic of us wished things to be done at once. Some argued that "this needed changing; that was wrong; we must have something more, and everything was not all right" and so on. However, we are gradually settling down and taking a more sane and sober view of the whole thing. Rome was not built in a day, neither was Oxford and neither for that matter, can our University become an Oxford or a Cambridge in a few months. Only time can bring a real improvement to a University, and I

should like to tell all those who think that they are going to witness, literally speaking, a wonderful transformation of a College into a full-fledged University in the short span of a year, that they are thinking all wrong.

Many people, I know, haven't the faintest idea of what is happening hère and yet are quite ready to say the whole affair is a farce. Let me clear up any such misapprehension by painting in its true colours a picture of our University here. Our institution is really unique in its position. We have, of course subject to a few difficulties, everything conducive to an ideal University life. Take for example our play-grounds. We find there ample scope to spend our energies of an evening in healthy recreations. Games of every sort are encouraged; there is tennis for the tennis-lover, hockey and foot ball for those that want it, cricket for the cricket enthusiasts, Badminton, Volley-Ball and Basket-ball, Play ground ball and track athletics for all. These games are played regularly every evening, the secret being simply this. We've got ample space for games. Then on a rainy day there is always our indoor club to go to and refreshing entertainment can be derived from Ping-pong, Chess, Draughts and several other indoor games. So far boxing has not been very enthusiastically pursued, the reason being that some are orthodox and therefore consider it unclean to touch leather. There is of course also a certain amount of fear among some of us of being hit too hard but both these feelings are gradually wearing off and I hope boxing like every other recreation will be seriously taken up. Such wide and varied scope for the outlet of one's energies should certainly tend towards health and strength and joyful spirits.

Those again who prefer the peace and quiet of the open fields can take a stroll, either in the mornings or evenings, along the banks of the canal or across the fields. Nature can be seen in all her naked beauty and just now the out-

side scenery of Annamalainagar is fine. A furlong or two away the canal winds its gleaming way parallel to our College, across the meadows. Sitting on one of its banks on a bright day we can observe at leisure the gorgeous sunsets. In the distance can be seen the temple "gopurams" showing clear against the blood red background of the evening sky. To right and left the cocoanut palms sway gently to the passing gusts of wind and below the ground stretches in a sea of emeralds green and golden yellow. The cloud-banks over-head are exquisitely tinted with red and gold and now and then across them flits a raven or a stork wending its solitary way home. In front the whole silvery line of water reflects in a myriad little winks the colours of the sky. Truly it is a lovely sight and one is inspired with the beauty, the peace and tranquillity, the grandeur of it all.

For reading purposes our library has become most accommodating and at present several hundreds of new books have arrived. There is a special reading room for the staff and another one for the boys. French books are coming in and a small French library is being started. Other sections of the library are being encouraged and I only wish that we would make more use of our library than we are doing at present. There are three books to suit most of our tastes and I am certain that we would improve our English as well as other subjects tremendously by making a greater use of the library. With these facilities I think we cannot grumble.

Our laboratory was not up to, much at the beginning but with the zealous enthusiasm of the staff and the interest and vigour of the students it is progressing fast. A large amount of new apparatus has been ordered and experiments are being carried on with genuine ardour. Soon, I am sure, our chemists will be quite as proud as any one can be, of their Laboratory. Then, there is our new acquisition. That is the wireless set. Endless enter-

tainment can be derived from this most interesting instrument and every effort is being made to make it a complete success. In the evenings after dinner the music lover has the pleasure of hearing eastern and western music from the varied programmes of Bombay, Calcutta and Colombo. If we stay up late enough we have all the delight of hearing exquisite continental music come floating into the room *via* the loud speaker. Keen interest is being taken in experimenting with several short wave stations and it is our sincere hope that we shall very soon be able to establish a connection with England.

Study is most encouraging here as we are not disturbed by the noise, bustle and turmoil that always accompanies town life. Critics, I know, think otherwise. They say that doors keep banging, carts go creaking by at the wrong time and that some little thing or other happens every minute that makes it absolutely impossible to work. Well, I wonder what those gentlemen would say if they took a trip to Madras and visited the Christian College on a working day? Why, almost every minute you hear a huge hullabaloo from tram-cars, buses, fire-engines, trains, motor-cycles, carts, road-rollers, and women going by; and now and again there's a loud resounding report as some unfortunate bus driver's tyre goes 'phut'! It's the most noisy place you can come across, yet with all that work goes on, on well-oiled wheels and everything is O.K. Surely if work can proceed so smoothly under those circumstances, we ought to work better without being hampered by such things, and show the best results. At any rate I think so, don't you?

There is now our hostel life to be considered. The hostel itself is divided into six blocks, A,B,C,D,E and F. Each block is supervised, so to say, by one of the members of the Staff. They live on the premises, take the night attendance and see that order and discipline are preserved. A healthy rivalry exists between the east and

13

the west end parts of the hostel which culminates in the yearly tournaments of east *versus* the west. There is another thing I ought to have mentioned and that is our monthly feast. Rain or hail they always go on and a keen interest is taken in the 'Grub God'. The next thing to sleeping is eating (so babies say) but I can assure everyone that the best thing after eating is sleeping, at any rate that is certainly true after the splendid feasts we have here.

Our powers of debate and our histrionic talents find ample scope for enlargement in our Union Society. If we took a little more interest in the latter, however, we should not be much the worse (if not better) and I think that our Dramatic Club should be encouraged by both staff and students.

One other very valuable advantage there is in our being a Residential University. We—the students—have better and far more numerous opportunities of meeting the members of our Staff out of our College. This leads to a certain amount of intimacy between the teachers and the taught which is both desirable and pleasant. It affords the student an unmeasurable opportunity for increasing his store of general knowledge and of widening his outlook. After all our knowledge if confined to books alone would not be up to much, and it is only through experience and culture and from hearing and speaking of subjects that are of importance to all, that we can lay the foundation of a sound education. And surely our teachers from their wide experience and reading can teach us far more than any text-book can.

There are not many things more to be considered and for the present that is all that we have got in the shape of reading study and games. There are many plans which are to be executed shortly and our one great handicap namely that of insufficient accommodation in the shape of class rooms and other buildings, will soon be remedied. Of other schemes one is to widen our canal and make it a

small river so that boating may be encouraged. This would be no end of an advantage to us and soon we shall be saying that we're the only University in India with a proper Boat Club. Another scheme is to affiliate the Rajah's Music College to the University. In this too I think we shall be unique. Next year we are to be honoured by the presence of members of the well-known fair-sex and I am sure that that will liven up the place no end. Then there is the idea of instituting the University Training Corps here. The Government of India has been approached in the matter and I hear we are to have a battalion of the U.T.C. So now, when all these plans for betterment are carried out, when gardens are grown, parks laid, and buildings erected, I can assure you that this will be the pleasantest spot in, which to stay.

I hope this short account of the Annamalai University will show to all the overwhelming chances that we have of being a real success. What I want to say in conclusion, addressed more to ourselves than to the public is this. If we want our University to be a tremendous success, (and there is no reason at all why it should not be), we must start by regarding it as our "Alma Mater". We must develop that spirit of true patriotism and loyalty for our University, that an exemplary citizen will have for his native country. We must not grumble and grouse at the little faults that occur in our daily life; we must forget all that petty jealousy and small-mindedness that is peculiar to the vindictive woman, and we must stand out as men with the broader wider views that this world of ours requires to-day. We must be straight and honest in our judgment of others and encourage all those who are worth persevering and we must always remember that time only can bring real improvement.

If we do this I am sure every one of us can say with pride "I belong to the Annamalai University".

H. RUNGANADHAN.
(II Class.)

Chola Times

In India where the birth, flourishing, and decay of so many empires proclaim the ephemeral nature of things human, none has attained to the pitch of glory and left such lasting traces as the great Chola empire of South India. This great line of rulers which attained prominence in historic times in the 10th century A. D. is nevertheless of proved antiquity and may be said to have existed at the latest date assigned to the *Mahabharata* in its complete form where it finds mention. It is also mentioned in the Rock Edict XIII of Asoka in the 3rd century B.C. as one of the independent foreign dynasties to whom Buddhist missionaries had been sent.

From the new light brought to bear upon the twin Tamil epics of Sangam repute, *Silappadhikaram* and *Manimekhalai*, by Dr. S. K. Iyengar and other scholars we come to know that Chola power had attained prominence in the Tamil land as early as the 1st century A. D. under King Karikala and his son Nedumudikkilli. The society depicted in these epics shows a very advanced stage of civilisation. The then capital Kaverippumpattinam (or Puhar, as it is sometimes called) is described as a seaport of considerable importance. It was an emporium of maritime commerce and in its harbour vessels of the Romans and other foreign merchants continually lay at anchor. The people seem to have attained considerable skill in navigation and the mention of a lighthouse* at Kaverippumpattinam implies a great advance in nautical science, Oversea expansion of empire which assumed vast proportions in the 10th and 11th centuries had begun as early as the time of Karikala who seems to have invaded Ceylon.

* கலங்கரைவிளக்கம்.

After this period of prominence there follows a complete eclipse of the Chola power by the Pandya aggression in the south and the Pallava predominance in the north. From this period of obscurity Chola power emerges in the 9th century, when Vijayalaya Chola and his son Aditya took the opportunity to assert themselves when the Pallava and the Pandiya powers showed signs of decline. Aditya defeated Aparajita Pallava and Varaguna Pandya at the battle of Sri Purambiya in A.D. 862-63. From this onwards Chola power gets a fresh lease of existence which is maintained intact and extended more and more by a long line of energetic and able rulers. The whole of the traditional Tamil land came under their sway when Rajaraja conquered the Chera kingdom also about 995 A.D. Chola power was thus paramount in South India and their empire extended as far as Nellore in the north and touched the Hoysala kingdom of Dwarasamudram in the west. The proud kingdom of the Pandyas was reduced to the position of a mere Chola viceroyalty while its ruling dynasty were leading a fugitive existence elsewhere. The Chola arms were carried with success as far as the Ganges and Mahipala of Bengal was forced by Rajendra I to send him tribute of Ganges water—whence his title Gangaikonda Chola. Colonisation in islands in the Indian Ocean such as Java, Borneo and Sumatra seem to have been carried in this heyday of Chola greatness.

In administration, the Chola emperors prove as efficient as they were successful as conquerors. Local Self-Government was developed to a fine art in the Chola empire. Every village or group of villages had its elected assemblies which carried on all matters of local interests by means of committees with little or no interference from the Central Government. The power of the assemblies extended to every sphere of corporate activity of the locality. They were collectively responsible for the land

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revenue due from the local area and were in theory and practice owners of all the lands situate within their jurisdiction. They also exercised civil and criminal jurisdiction in petty cases. The assembly was elected by a combined system of vote and lot, and franchise was based upon educational qualification as well as property.

Several of these villages or units of administration (*kuttams* as thery were called) formed a *nadu* or sub-division, several of which went to form a *kottam* or *Valanadu*. These again went to form a *mandalam* or province which was the largest administrative division of the empire. The *mandalam* was ruled by a Viceroy, usually a member of the royal family or a scion of the dispossessed royal families.

The administration of the Cholas has been proved to be highly systematised by the inscriptions that have come down to us. The emperors themselves took a personal share in the duties of Government and their orders were transmitted through a chief Secretary styled Olainayakam (ஓலைநாயகம்). There appears to have been a record kept at Headquarters of all the transactions of the Government. Land survey and assessment was carried out by Rajaraja and Kulottunga I with much more accuracy than the later Sher Shah and Akbar and a reference in one of the inscriptions of Rajaraja shows that the survey that was carried out in his reign was correct to $\frac{1}{52,428,800,000}$ of a *veli* of land. Land revenue demanded and taken from the cultivator is stated to have been one-sixth of the gross out-turn and besides this a number of other imposts called *aryas* were also collected. Payment was usually in kind, but in urban parts taxes were collected in money. The local assemblies generally collected the taxes due to the Government and after having set aside a part of the collection in the local treasury for local uses sent the rest to the Head Treasury for purposes of the central Government.

The Cholas maintained a large army divided into sections according to the kind of arms they carried. The country was divided into military divisions each under a commander directly under the Emperor. That their navy was also powerful for offensive and defensive purposes is shown from their success in the battle of the Roads of Kandalur, in the repeated conquests of Ceylon (called Ilanadu ஈழநாடு), and in the conquest of the Laccadives and the Maldives.

Not the least of the contributions of the Cholas to the greatness of South Indian culture is the extent of public works, especially irrigation systems, and the numerous temples with which they adorned the whole of their empire. Many of these works stand as silent monuments of Chola greatness, mute indeed, but quite expressive of the architectural genius of the period they represent. The Cholas easily stepped into the shoes of the Pallavas as great builders of temples, but the great engineering feats of the network of irrigation channels are decidedly their own contribution to South Indian Culture. Besides they were great patrons of literature and the court of Rajendra Kulottunga I was adorned by a galaxy of great poets, Kambar, Ottakuttar, and Puhalendi.

In concluding this account of the Chola times, I cannot but repeat after Mr. Vincent A. Smith, "It is a pity that this apparently excellent system of Local Self Government, really popular in origin, should have died out . . . . . Modern Governments would be happier if they could command equally effective local agency. Whenever mediæval the history of Southern India comes to be written in detail, a long and interesting chapter must be devoted to Chola administration."

V. SUBRAHMANIYAM,

V. Hons.

A Study of the Condition of Labour in Golden Rock

The Economics group students of the Annamalai University went on an excursion on the 27th September to Golden Rock to study the condition of labour in the South Indian Railway Company workshop, Dr. Ahamad Mukhtar, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Economics, leading.

Arriving at the workshop at 10 A. M, we were divided into 9 groups each under the guidance of one employee. We went round the factory visiting the Power House, the Wagon Shop etc. till 1 P. M. After dinner we visited the whole colony and especially the labourers' quarters.

The following table gives an idea of the condition of housing of labourers :—

Serial No.	Types of Houses	Rent	Income	Remarks
1	B	8 as	Less than 20 Rs.	180 Houses, 2 rooms; a Hall 9′×9′ and a kitchen, 6′×4′. Only for menials.
2	C	2 Rs.	Less than 40 Rs.	A Hall 10′×10′ and a kitchen 10′×5′.
3	D	3 Rs.	40—75 Rs.	500 Houses.
4	F	5 Rs.	75—190 Rs.	472 Houses—A Hall, a room and a kitchen.
5	H	14 Rs.	190—450 Rs.	Furnished with electric lights and taps for officers.

There are 1535 houses on the whole.

Sanitation:—F type houses have each a latrine and one tap for each block of 3 houses, C type quarters have 2 taps for 12 houses. Separate baths and latrines are provided for B, C and D type houses. The method of cleaning latrines is very near that of the flush system.

Water is supplied throughout the colony from the reservoir which stands on the Rock.

There is underground sewage in the colony. Sewage-water runs 16 ft. under the ground and is cleaned every week. There is a sewage tank near by and the machine pumps 400 gallons per minute and works for 16 hours a day. Sewage water is let into sedimentation tanks and then into digestion tanks for the silt to be deposited there and is ultimately pumped out. Silt can be used for cultivation of the sewage farm which spreads over 40 acres.

We are told that the hospital can stand in comparison with those of the West. There are a dark room for optical testing, a sterilizing room, an operation theatre in one ward with separate kitchens for Europeans and Indians. An isolation ward for contagious patients, a maternity ward and a mortuary are situated at different places. Patients earning less than Rs. 30 are treated freely and a charge of annas 8 per diem is levied on others. There are four nuns in the hospital as nurses. There is a D.MO. assisted by a medical officer.

Education :—There are two elementary schools in the East and West of the colony. The strength of both the schools is about 700. Education is neither free nor compulsory. The fees vary from annas 4 to Re. 1-8 according to the class.

There is a church but no mosque or temple. Of the 1535 families, 100 are Mohamedan, 320 Anglo-Indian, 250 Christian and the rest are Hindu. There are regular fairs on Sundays.

The workshop is dependent on adult male labour and women and children have no scope. The labourers work 8½ hrs. a day from 7—11-30 A.M. and from 1—5 P.M. On Saturday they work in the morning only.

Recreation :—There are two Institutes for Indians and Europeans. Indian Institute membership is open to all on payment of a subscription of annas 4.

Wages :—The wages vary from 6 annas to 2 Rs. 8 as. according to efficiency and are disbursed once a week. The wages may well be enhanced considering their productivity, though their real wages are tolerably above the subsistence level.

In reviewing the condition of labourers, we regret the absence of a workers' association to present their case before the employers and the lack of compulsory free education. It is rather difficult for a labourer earning less than 40 Rs. to pay the relatively high school fees. Since the factory excludes women and children from employment, the labourer has to support the whole family. Hence the establishment of cottage industries subsidised by co-operative capital may improve the condition of families. Further, the sewage farm which extends over 40 acres, if cultivated, will form another source of employment to women and children.

We thank Mr. Laxmi Narayanan, the Colony Master who kindly took us round the colony and supplied us with useful information.

"OBSERVER".

L. F. C. K. THORN
Is an Oxfordian born;
His smile is like April morn.
Whatever he touches does he adorn.

"OUR PERSONALITIES" (No. 1.)

Conversation in Society

Conversation in society should assume a general tone. Everything should be avoided that can in any way remind a fellow guest of past or present troubles, or which can cause uneasiness to any individual. Amusement, more than instruction, is to be sought for in social gatherings. People are not supposed to come together on such occasions because they are ignorant and need teaching, but to seek recreation and relaxation from professional and daily cares.

Witty remarks are always acceptable when they spring naturally and spontaneously out of the themes of conversation. But for a man to be constantly straining himself to make jokes is to render himself ridiculous, and irritating to the company.

In a mixed company never speak to a friend alone about a matter which you can explain to him, and which may be made interesting to the whole party.

No gentleman should make a parade of his learning and accomplishments, more especially in the presence of less enlightened people, who could by no possibility understand or appreciate them. It is a sign of bad breeding to do that or say anything likely to make people feel humiliated or uncomfortable.

Do not speak loudly in company. It is presumptuous for one to take it for granted that every body present is anxious to listen; and one may, besides, disturb the conversation already going on between others. One should also avoid talking to anyone across the room. If one has something particular to say to an individual, one should wait until one gets an opportunity of seating oneself by his or her side.

Palpable flattery, however, is on all occasions a great insult; and yet it is a great sweetener of social life, if one

has the knowledge of the human heart and the skill to use it without abusing it. One's colouring must be as subtle and delicate as the 'faintest blush on the Provence rose'. But there is one kind of flattery which is most seductive, most pleasing and the gratifying of all, and which can at any time be safely used—the flattery of attention, which is always soothing to our vanity, and is one of the cardinal virtues of good breeding.

At any cost, avoid the use of slang terms and phrases in society. If you desire to have it known that you are familiar with such language yourself, you have no right to treat your friends and acquaintances as though they also were.

Do not dispute in a party of ladies and gentlemen. If a man advances an opinion which is different from ideas which you are known to entertain, either appear not to have heard it, or, differ from him as gently as possible. Do not say, 'Sir, you are mistaken !' or that you 'happen to know better' ; but rather use some such phrase as "pardon me ; if I am not mistaken," etc. This will give him a chance to say some such civil thing, as that he regrets to disagree with you ; and if he is not sufficiently well-bred to do this, you have, at any rate, established your own bearing as that of a gentleman in the eyes of the company. And when you have done that, you need not trouble yourself about any opinions which he may advance contrary to your own.

If you find yourself in company which vigorously abuses an absent friend, you should not feel that you are called upon to take up the cudgels violently on his behalf. It will be better to say quietly that the speaker must have been misinformed ; that you are proud to call the one abused your friend, and you could not do this if you did not know him to be incapable of such charges as those being brought against him. After this, if the company is composed of gentlemen, they will stop ;

indeed, if they had been gentlemen they would hardly have assailed one absent in a mixed party; and if you feel constrained to quit the company, it will be no sacrifice to your own self-respect or honour.

When you yourself are the host, make your guests feel that they are all equal for the time being, and as such that they all have an equal claim upon your courtesies. Those of the humblest condition should receive as much attention as the rest in order that they may not be made to feel their inferiority.

An author has well said that there is no more common or absurd mistake than to suppose that, because people are of high rank they cannot be vulgar; or that if people are in an obscure station they cannot be well-bred. There have been seen as blatant instances of vulgarity in a peer as could be found in a grazier, and as many examples of a perfect freedom from the least taint of it in persons in humble life as could be desired in a duchess.

Another author says "Nothing more clearly indicates the true gentleman than a desire evinced to oblige or accommodate whenever it is possible or reasonable. It forms the broad distinction between the well-bred man of the world and the coarse and brutal cowardly vulgar man, not from the latter's inferiority of station, but because he is coarse and brutal. Nevertheless, we often find persons so selfish and supercilious, and of so equivocal an importance, that they fancy any compliance with the wishes of the many would tend to lessen their dignity in the eyes of their companions, and who foolishly imagine that a good coat places them above the necessity of conciliating the feelings of the multitude by the performance of acts of courtesy. It is evident that there cannot be a greater mistake, since even the lower classes keenly appreciate and gratefully acknowledge the slightest consideration shown to them by their superiors."

It is bad form to be sarcastic or rail against any pro-

fession or business, since a member of that profession may possibly be present. It is the aim of politeness to leave the arena of social intercourse untainted by any severity of language or bitterness of feeling.

There are places and occasions where people who have done wrong may be exposed and reproved, but it is an unpardonable piece of rudeness to attempt such things at one's own social party, or at another's, where everything is carefully to be avoided which can in the least disturb the happiness of anyone. For this reason, all kinds of controversies are, as a general rule, to be avoided at such times.

Even a well-bred minister will avoid introducing his professional habits and themes at such places. He knows that the guests were not invited to listen to a harangue, and there may be some who differ from his opinions, who would have good reason to feel themselves insulted by being thus forced to listen to him.

V. R. S.
II Class.

On Writing for the Miscellany

The Editors are always complaining that students do not take any interest in the *Miscellany.* The students, in their turn, say that their articles proceed directly and not through the Press to the Waste-Paper Basket. I wish to write a few lines to clear their position, not to satirise anybody.

Many here, and, of course, also elsewhere, are responsible and married. They are puzzled and perplexed by the eternal varieties of life : the problems of life and death, of passing and failing and so on. The ideas of March loom before their eyes, not to speak of its soothsayer, the selection-worry. Naturally such facts would make most people moody and meditative. And when they take up the pen, you can expect from them only a philosophical treatise on the Law of Karma. Or, perhaps, a piece of solid and substantial advice that " All that glitters is not gold ". It may be a little heavy. But the Editors, I affirm, have no business to find in it anything soporific.

Some can and do write nice, little things. But they do not care for the bubble reputation. They acquire knowledge and there is an end of it. " After all, what is the object of sending out an article in the *Miscellany* ? To deliver a message to the country ?— No. To add to the *belles lettres* of the world ?—certainly not ; simply to get your name printed and circulated and talked about."

Another gentleman took me into his room, sat down on the table, and told me that he had actually made an attempt at an essay. He wrote a one full page—which really augured well for his authorship, and then—the hitch came. His words and ideas gave out. There's no denying the sincerity and earnestness of his talk. But he did not stop there. He added that he was not possessed of that ' knack ' to write light articles—the knack to water

down an idea or two to the standard length of four printed pages. On that point, I did not argue with him. Matters turned rather personal. They sometimes do, don't they?

A practical friend put his view of the matter in a clear-cut, lawyer-like way. "Suppose I hit upon a proper theme, make it up to a decent length, thereby wasting some four or five sittings-up of three hours each, and finally hand it to the Editors. And then, if they simply decline it—'With thanks' or without, I don't mind—how would you feel it?" To be plain, fifteen hours well spent may mean a sure second class, at least in Part II. And the poor man loses not only the second, but also fails to figure in the *Miscellany*. That's rather a sorry plight. It is a loss upon loss. Daughter gone and ducats too!

There are certain advantages, which an ordinary reader possesses and a contributor does not. An ordinary reader is fancy free, not literally I mean. He rates an article at its real worth. Unless he is doggedly biassed against the Magazine as a whole, his opinions are generally true and justly. He expresses his views very guardedly and with many reservations. In any case, he rounds off his remarks with an apologetic close. His fear is that the criticisms may apply *mutatis mutandis* to him. Moreover, there is an inevitable tendency in him to compare each and every article—of the same *geure*, no doubt—, with his own. He does not enjoy open-mindedly. But he falls to guessing what he would have said in the writer's position. Really well-written things may appear sorry stuff to him. "Oh, I would have done it far better! The climax in this story is abominable. The whole thing would discredit even a Fourth Form boy. The joke there is pitifully farcical, not at all true to life"—so he says to himself.

A witty friend of mine observed that it is easier to get through an examination than to get his essay brought out

in the Miscellany. I am not surprised at this fact. The answer books are numerous, the days at their disposal only a few, and the examiners are human. An immediate worry (for example) a municipal Bill Collector adds to their perplexities. But the case is different with the Editorial Board. Only a handful of papers reach them, and they have the time and the patience to find all sorts of flaws in them, as though with a microscope. All this is by the way.

I have left out one another type. Such a man, like Milton, chooses long and begins late. In his opinion, one ought not to write anything, unless it will stand out as superfine. Probably he imagines a would-be reader of his article to nod his head and say pointing at him, " Really ! That quiet, retiring reticent gentleman, sipping the coffee, there, in that corner—is *he* the author of that wonderful production ? Ha ! how learned, how humorous and yet how simple ?" I remember him to have once said " It is an insult to society to print paltry stuff. The author has no right to take away their time, unless he has anything really fine to tell them ".

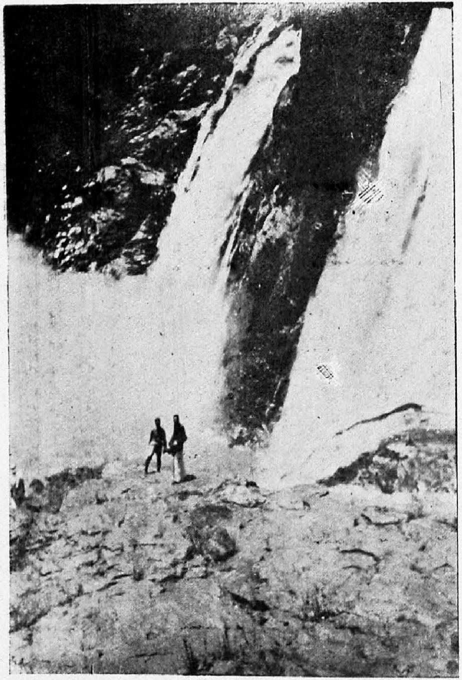
This essay may not be quite encouraging to the Editors. They need not, however, despair. Some at least there are, wordly-minded and fond of praise, who will furnish them matter enough at least to bring out an annual number.*

A. V. KRISHNASWAMI

* [We breathe again, and assure our contributor that we feel, at present, no symptoms of despair. We really could not resist this heart-rending appeal !—Staff Editor.]

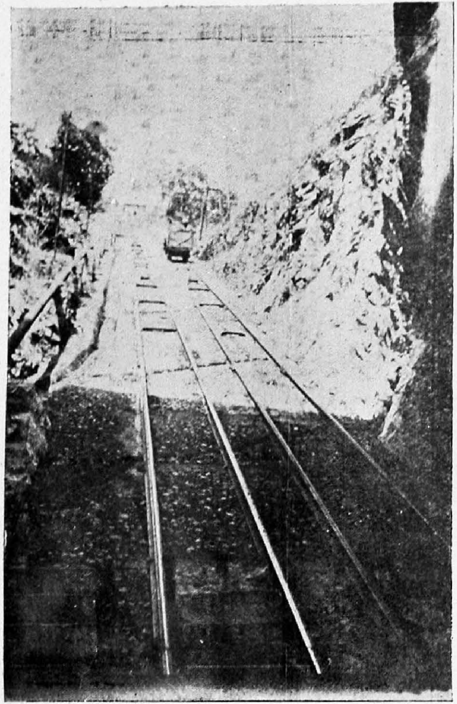
An Excursion

We started from Chidambaram on the 27th Sep. According to our programme our first halt was to be at the Champion Reef mines of the Kolar District. We were at the Gifford Shaft top of the mines at 9-30 a.m. when we saw the labourers getting out of the shaft, as work stops early on Saturdays. So we were not able to see the miners at work. But we were permitted to go underground. It was a thrilling experience to go down into the earth a distance of 4,800 ft. in an iron cage which could just contain our whole company. We got out of the cage in three minutes, at what may be called the top flat of the mine—as the mine extends to a further distance of 3000 ft. down, and another cage works in that shaft—There are regular passages going out in all directions and we were told that the total length of the passages in that level was more than 10 miles. Tram lines are laid all along these passages and trolleys go up and down. These are dragged by large Electric tractors which carry accumulators working the motor on each. Electric power supplied from Sivasamudram is taken down by cables to this level where motors, transformers and generators are installed at various places, from which these accumulators are periodically charged—The passages are all lit by Electricity—all the trolleys are brought to a platform by an Electric device. The platform is turned upside down and empties its contents into the cage which takes up the ore to the top. Every passage is provided with fresh air pumped down from the top by huge Engines through large pipes and reduced to the low pressure required for breathing, by other Engines at the bottom. Exhaust-fans are placed at various positions to remove the foul air, which is pumped out. Water

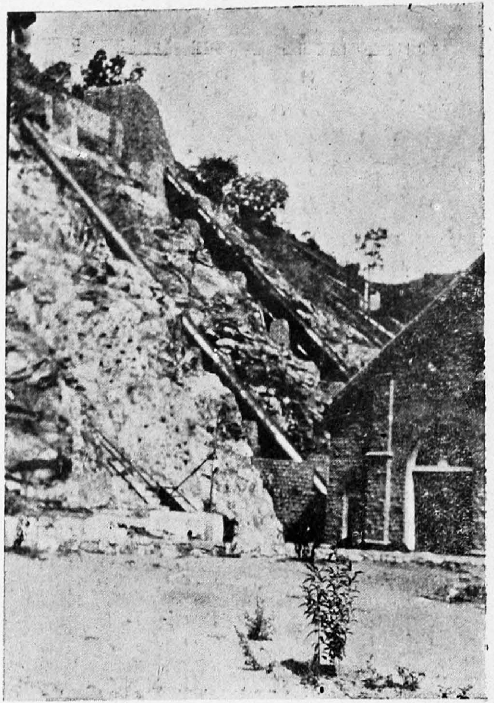


The Waterfalls, Sivasamudram

Waterfalls—another view



Trolley working up and down the bluff, Sivasamudram



The pipes leading down the water to the turbines

which collects is all pumped out, and fresh water for drinking is supplied from above. We came out and visited the surface works where huge pestles break the quartz blocks, which contain the streaks of gold, to powder. Gold is extracted from this by the 'amalgamation' process and there are various devices to extract every possible trace of gold attached to these.

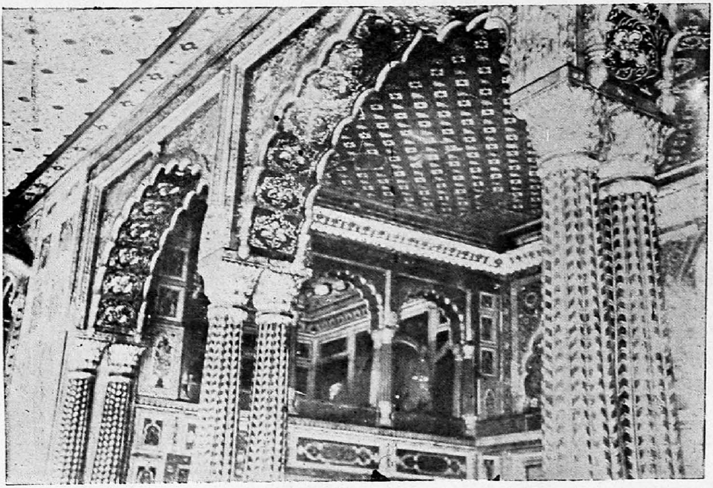
On the 29th we were at Bangalore—we visited the places of interest, the Lal Bagh and the huge stone bull at Basavangudi—On the 30th we visited the Indian Institute of Science. The Electrical Technology department interested us most. We saw researches being conducted on the Resistance of Insulators under high tension. We saw the facilities that were available for every kind of research in electricity. We saw the large frame *aerial* by means of which atmospherics are automatically recorded and the various wireless instruments intended for research in that field. Then we visited the Physical chemistry section. We saw the liquid air plant of which there are only 3 in India, and one of the research students demonstrated practically to us the properties of liquid air. We saw the different pieces of researches conducted in spectroscopy, Raman Effect, and in Electro-chemistry.

We left that night by the Mysore train, and alighting at Maddur, bussed to Sivasamudram. At Sivasamudram we saw the bluff—as it is impossible to do anything at the actual place of the falls, the river is diverted at a place higher up and brought round to this site, a few furlongs from the falls, and allowed to fall through a large number of pipes and do work. Hence, we went down the 450 ft. and visited the power-generating station. There are a number of huge a. c. power generators, which are worked by the turbine Engines. Water from the pipes is led to these Engines through the turbines, and turn the huge turbine wheels, which are connected by a shaft to the

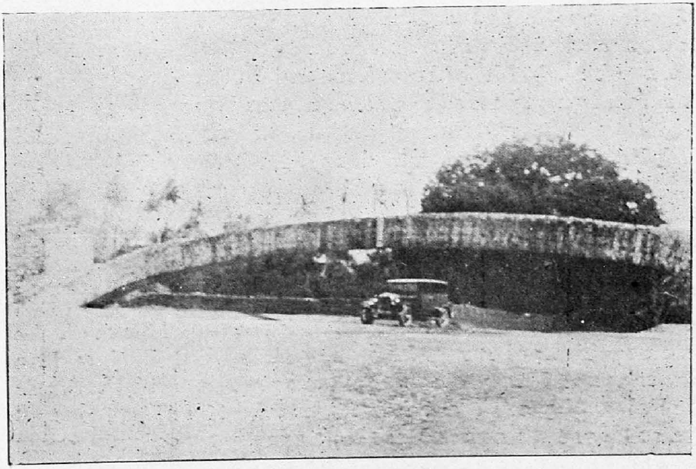
armature of the generators. Each generator produces power at 3000 volts and is of about 4000 K. W. capacity, and there are about 40 of these; but the number actually at work depends on the supply wanted—all these are numbered and controlled from a central switch room. The switches are all of the oil-contact type, and are worked by small motors controlled by button switches in the central switch room.

The power is collected from all these generators and transformed up into 78000 volts and supplied. At the supply station there are other transformers to convert the power to low tension for use. Power is also supplied to Mettur at 39000 volts. It is not possible, in the course of this short account, to go into the details of the various automatic devices by means of which every precaution is taken against the danger of accidents and of the devices to prevent damage from lightning. We were told that the actual cost of production at Sivasamudram was only 1½ pies per unit, and if only the problem of cheap power transmission were solved, they could supply power to the whole of South India. After visiting Nature under harness, we visited Nature free, at the falls, which are about half a mile from the bluff. As we approached, we could hear the roar of the torrent of such a large volume dashing down the rocks. It was a grand sight to see the huge volume of water and foam glistening in the sunlight, and the spray dispersing the sunlight into prismatic colours.

The same afternoon we left by bus, and by evening were at Seringapatam, the old capital of Hyder Ali and Tippu Sultan. We visited the tomb and monument of Tippu, the 'Daria-Dowlat' or the summer palace, the dungeons, and the Mysore gate at which Tippu fell, and the famous swinging bridge, which though made of stone and mortar, oscillates as if constructed of a pliable material. We then entrained and were at Mysore the same night.



'Doria Dowlat,' Seringapatam



The Swinging Bridge, Seringapatam

Mysore looks like a dream city—It is brand new, the streets are broad, the houses new and grand, and the whole looks like an enlarged model. We visited the Zoo, one of the best in India, and the "Nishad-Bagh", the famous garden, which when visted just after the Electric lights are lit, looks like a fairy garden. We then went up the Chamundi Hills and came down. We visited the Experimental psychology laboratory and saw how the mionic valves and sensitive galvanometers were used to make quantitative measurement of emotions. We visited the Kannambadi Dam the next day. It is miles long and about 130 ft. high. So one can imagine the volume of water it can dam for irrigation purposes. A stone inscription shows that the construction of the dam was begun by Tippu Sultan, though it was completed only after several decades.

We were present that evening to witness the opening of the Dasra festivities at the palace. We saw the palace and the outlying grounds illuminated by myriads of Electric lights. We saw the pageantry and pomp with which the Maharaja held his Durbar.

We left Mysore on the morning of 4th October and were at Ranipet on the 5th morning, where we visited the manure and chemical works of Messrs. Parry & Co.,. Sulphuric acid is manufactured here by chamber process—Bones, which contain calcium phosphate, are very good manure for the soil but they are insoluble—So, they are converted into super-phosphates by being treated with the sulphuric acid, in which state they are soluble and so sold as "bone meal" manure. Many other chemical fertilisers are also manufactured here—Other side-industries like the manufacture of Hydrochloric acid, Nitric acid, Epsom salts, and vitriol are also going on here—There is a pottery to manufacture jars to contain these acids, and that itself is a large industry, for the Company manufacture jars not only for their own use,

but sell them also, as they are in great demand because of their quality. The same afternoon, we were at Madras.

On the 6th we visited the wireless station at Meenambakkam where the old 'spark' system is still used. The Superintendent very kindly explained to us the general principles of transmission and of receiving with the instruments there.

On the 7th we visited the X-ray Institute of the General Hospital, where we saw the large 12 inch spark coils and saw how X-rays were used to locate troubles by 'radiographs' of injured parts. We saw how X-rays were used directly to heal certain diseases like cancer. We also saw the various ways in which Electricity, directly as a current, and as ultra-violet rays being used in the treatment of diseases, and saw the various methods of 'Electro-therapy' and 'Ray-therapy'. The same night we left Madras and were back at Chidambaram on the 8th morning.

The tedium of our railway journeys, and disengaged time, was relieved by the usual stunts, songs and "rags." The most scientifically inclined propounded and discussed many theories regarding many phenomena (not included in the programme), observed by them, especially "oscillations of Railway carriages of the different companies". We hope they will shortly publish their results and amaze the world.

Thus the tour was quite enjoyable and useful and we returned cheerful, with a broader outlook on life, having obtained the benefits of travel in good company to places of scientific interest.

T.P.N.

An Essay on "Kalavozhukam" (The Path of Secret Love)

The word Kalavozhukam in ancient Tamil means the development of love between a blooming youth and a blushing maid. It is very hard for me to express the full significance of the expression and it cannot be explained better than by a reference to, "Iryanar-Agaporal" a small but significant work of the last Sangam Age with its grand peerless commentary reputed to be written by Nakirar, the halls of whose wisdom stand over-shadowing the names of other great poets in the galaxy of Tamil letters. It is written in a most exquisite and fascinating style which remains almost unique in the realm of prose literature in Tamil. One cannot fail to be struck with the author's superior power of lucid exposition, his method of logical treatment, his psychological acumen, and his skill in solving puzzling doubts by setting forth apt queries and answers.

I cannot without an apology continue attacking the outskirts, instead of the citadel in right earnest. Kalavozhukam, as we have seen, is the evolution of natural love between a youth and a virgin. I propose here to depict the course of love as delineated in the Tamil classics.

Since Kalavozhukam has its root in true love, we must know the significance of the word in relation to it. Generally the word 'love' is applied to all kinds of attachment. But here its particular acceptation is a devoted attachment to one of the opposite sex. This love once taking root in the heart of the lovers cannot be eradicated by any sort of impediment; it is so formidable in its character that even the hand of time cannot pluck it out. It is that kind of love which Shakespeare paints in

"Othello," love like that of Desdemona's which even at the point of the dagger is not a little bit shaken.

As regards the real merit and worth of true love, one cannot express it better than has been done by Mr. Sundaram Pillai in his well-known dramatic work 'Manonmaniam' in which he gives a very graphic description of love and its inestimable value. In his opinion, it is like a huge tree with its green foliage spreading all around and affording attractive shade to the man, who, wandering in this world-misery, as in a burning desert, hankers after a shelter to cool both his body and mind from the implacable radiance of the pitiless sun above. It is also like a fountain welling forth with the purest water no less distinguished for its sweetness than nectar in which he finds the means to quench his craving thirst. Whenever man goes out of his proper path misled by passion, there it stands like a guiding post pointing to the right direction. In short it may be viewed as a miniature of the ethereal enjoyment which poets attribute to the kingdom of heaven.

Turning to "Iryanar-Agaporal", the meeting of lovers is in this fashion:—

Fancy, a young virgin is an ideal of beauty and character, to whom the lines of Lord Lytton may aptly apply:—

"Men blessed her when she moved before their eyes
Shame-faced, as blushing to be born so fair,
Mild as that child of Gods".

She goes to a beautiful grove, endowed with all the prodigalities of Nature, and looking like a generous gift of hers to humanity and is followed by a train of lady attendants. She glides through the grove like that white-orbed maiden amidst the twinkling starry host. On entering the grove the party is scattered about in quest of the charms of Nature's bounty. While each of the retinue is in pursuit of her own hobby,

the noble maiden gently walks alone through the shady bowers captivated by the rich and varied hues of the blossoms on the branches of a variety of tropical trees. Passing through the paths and bye-paths of the grove she reaches on artificial hill and climbs its top and sits awhile under the flowery arches, feasting her eyes on the resplendent hues of the blooms. While her bright blue eyes roll gently in their cavities like a deer's, they are arrested by a fine peacock dancing on a round marble stone with its feathers finely raised up like a fan, the beauty of which is enhanced all the more by the sanguine rays of the setting sun.

In the course of her sight-seeing, her eyes alight on an ideal youth, whom the classical commentator delineates as the incarnation of Manmada in beauty, a lion in majesty, a tiger in battle, and an elephant in strength. He goes to a forest for a pleasure-hunt followed by his confidants and attendants. While they are pursuing animals easy of hunt, he follows a golden deer, which gives him a wild chase. Leaving his comrades far behind him, he runs after the deer and as luck would have it, reaches the grove where the ideal virgin stands like a statue of unrivalled beauty. No sooner do his eyes meet hers than he feels spell-bound and, giving up his hunt, falls himself a prey to love at first sight. For a time he is under an illusion as to the nature of the maiden whose divine beauty has charmed his soul. The unsophisticated maiden too is taken captive by his magnetic personality. Now both are all love to each other and forget the world.

Then the youth gently moves towards her and under the pretext of enquiring about a deer running through the grove, breaks silence with her for the first time. He gives an allegorical description of a golden deer with a view to let her understand that it represents herself. When she has understood the youth's inclination, her

face reflects her heart and blushes with a smile. The youth is mightily pleased and refreshed by the sunshine of her smiles. They mutually reveal their hearts. Now they are one in both heart and mind. As Sir Walter Scott says :—

"It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link and silken tie,
Which heart to heart and mind to mind
In body and soul can bind."

Such must be the attachment that should bind the lovers' hearts. Recovering their senses after a time, they see that their company should not continue any longer for fear of disclosure. Then parting becomes a painful necessity. They depart from the place of their meeting with the sorrow of bereavement, to escape the censure of the public and uphold their self-respect. He promises to visit her often and to take her to wife. Now whenever he goes he is confronted by the vision of this lady who likewise would pine away with grief like an ungathered flower, like that which Shakespeare paints in his "Venus and Adonis":—

"Beauty within itself should not be wasted;
Fair flowers, that are not gathered in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time."

Bound to each other by cords of strong love, after this first meeting of theirs, they have no choice but to marry each other or leave this world unmarried. There are a number of Sutras relating to various incidents in the course of the lovers' conduct till their final consummation in marriage; space does not permit me to discuss all of them here; as my object has been only to show the beginning of Kalavozhukam.

The mind of every reader may find it hard to resist the temptation of knowing the writer's object. As my Lilliputian brain conceives, the object is clearly to indicate how in Tamilakam from time immemorial

existed that social liberty and privilege in matrimonial affairs, which the Westerners now boast of. Oh! the power of time is unimaginable, which sweeps away in its roaring current every good social custom and liberty, and strengthens the iron hand of custom to hold fast the public mind on its grip.

I cannot conclude this humble essay of mine without an apology to the great Tamil scholars who are capable of elucidating this subject in a far more instructive and edifying manner. It is only the ambition to acquire a sort of literary training, which principally spurred me to contribute this as a piece of writing written by a student and intended for students.

V. BALAKRISHNAN,
(III Class).

A Page of Translations

THE BUDDHA AND THE COWHERD

'Cooked is my rice, milked are my kine,' said Dhaniya the herd,
'And here on Mahi's bank I dwell with them that are my peers.
Thatched is my hut, well-fed the fire. Rain down, God, if thou wilt!'

'From anger free, with every bar removed,' the Lord, replied,
'A dweller here on Mahi's bank I sojourn but one night.
Roofless my hut and quenched my fire. Rain down, God, if thou wilt!

'No gadflies here are to be seen,' said Dhaniya the herd.
'Amid the marshland grasses there my kine a-roaming go.
The rain that comes they can endure. Rain down, God, if thou wilt!

'I made a raft to cross the stream, of logs well put together.
Now have I crossed and gone beyond, by stemming of the Flood.
So now I need my raft no more. Rain down, God, if thou wilt!'

'My wife she is a loyal one--no wanton,' said the herd.
'Full many a day she's dwelt with me, and she is kind and dear.
I hear no man speak ill of her. Rain down, God, if thou wilt!'

'My mind, it is a docile one, set free,' the Lord replied.
'Full many a day I tamed it down and shaped it to my will.
No evil now is found in me. Rain down, God, if thou wilt!'

'By the labour of my hands I live,' said Dhaniya the herd.
'My children, they all dwell with me, and they are stout and strong.
Of them I hear no word of ill. Rain down, God, if thou wilt!'

'I too, I am a slave to none,' the Exalted One replied,
'And by the powers I have won I roam through all the world.
'I have no need for service more. Rain down, God, if thou wilt!'

'Kine have I, yea and calves that suck,' said Dhaniya the herd,
'And cows in calf, and they shall carry on the breed for me,
And a bull, the lord of all the herd. Rain down, God, if thou wilt!'

'I have no kine, I have no calves that suck,' the Lord replied.
'I have no cows in calf to carry on the breed for me;
No bull, the Lord of all the herd. Rain down, God, if thou, wilt!'

'Well-set the pegs that hold my kine: shaken they cannot be.
My tethers, made of munja grass, brand-new and twisted well.
No sucking calf can break 'em. So rain down, God, if thou wilt!'

'But I, the Bull, have burst the bonds that bind,' the Lord replied,
'Have burst them as a tusker rends the twisted creeper-cords.
Never again shall I be born. Rain down, God, if thou wilt!'

Forthwith the mighty rain poured down and filled the hills and plains.
When he heard the raining of the God, Dhaniya thus spake his mind:
'No little gain is ours that we the Exalted One have seen.
In Thee we take our refuge, Thou that hast the eye to see.
Be Thou our teacher, mighty Sage. The goodwife and myself
Docile will live the holy life with Thee, O happy one,
And passing over birth and death an end of suffering make!'

(*Mara, the Evil One, then said*):
'He that hath sons delights in sons,' then said the Evil One.
'He that hath kine delights in kine. Delight binds man to birth.
But he that hath no bond to bind delighteth thus no more.'

(*The Lord said*):
'He that hath sons must sorrow have because of sons, and he
That owneth kine owns trouble. Ownership is woe to man.
Happy the man that owneth naught to bind him to rebirth!'

(From the Sutta Nipata, vv. 18—34.

Translated by F. L. Woodward.)

A SIMILE

Clothed in his white garments,
Into the round and clear arena slowly
Entered the Brahmin,
Holding a little child by the hand,
Like the Moon with the planet Jupiter.
In a cloudless night-sky.

(Old Hindu Poem, translated by
Walt Whitman in "Specimen Days.")

WHEN ONE IS ORDERED TO DO IMPOSSIBILITIES.

If anything hard or impossible be enjoined on a brother, let him receive the injunctions of him who orders him in all mildness and obedience. If he shall see that the burden altogether exceedeth the measure of his strength, let him patiently and at the proper time state, without show of pride, resistance, or contradiction, the reason of this impossibility. If, after his suggestion, the will of the superior shall still remain unchanged, let the young monk know that it is best for him, and trusting in God's help, and for love of Him, let him obey.

(From the Rule of Saint Benedict, Chap. 68.

Translated by L. F. C. K. T.)

Our Competition

A prize of Rs. 5 will be paid to the sender in of the best " Limerick " on the subject of our new University. The competition is open to students only. Efforts should be signed with the competitor's name and sent to the Staff Editor in sealed envelopes *on or before the 28th August* next marked" Limerick ". The winning verse (and the second-best) will be published in the next number of the Miscellany, together with the names of the writers.

(*Referees* :—K. Swaminathan, Esq ; V. R. Adige, Esq.) The decision of the referees is final.

Notes

The University.—The constitution of several of the University authorities was completed, and their first meetings took place, in the second term. The Faculties or Arts, Science and Oriental Studies have held their Statutory meetings under the presidency of their respective Deans. The Board of Residence, Health and Discipline met on Oct. 23rd and 24th and considered and framed Rules for the Hostel, the Dispensary and the Department of Physical Education. The Syndicate held its first meeting (with 100 per cent. attendance) on Dec. 19th; and again on January 18th and February 22nd; the Academic Council met for the first time on Dec. 20th. To meet the members of the Syndicate and the Academic Council, the Kumararajah of Chettinad was 'At Home' on the 19th afternoon and the Vice-Chancellor on the 20th.

Several important Sub-Committees and Committees, notably those on Courses of studies and Examinations, on Teachers and Research, and on "Practical English" have met during February. The various Boards of Studies also held their first meetings and made recommendations relating among other matters, to the syllabuses and text-books to be prescribed by the new University in the several Departments of study.

Examinations.—The following students were successful at the September B. A. Examination (Madras University):—C. Nataraja Mudaliar, P. Raghavendra Rao, K. R. Sundararajan, K. S. Narasimhan, R. Seturaman and S. Swaminathan.

At the Selection Examination in English of IV (a) class students, the first two places were taken, and the prizes offered were won by Mr. M. Arunachalam and Mr. A. V. Krishnaswami (bracketed).

Extension Lectures.—A list of these is furnished by the tabular statement attached :—

Serial No.	Name of Lecturer	Subjects of lectures	No. of lectures	Dates of lectures
1.	Dr. C. B. Rama Rao, M.D.	Evolutionary Biology and Social Hygiene.	10	19th to 21st October
2.	Dr. S. K. Chatterjee, M. A., D. Litt.	Indian Culture abroad and the Aryan and Non-Aryan elements in Indian Culture.	2	27th October
3.	Mr. T. Sundarachariar, B.A., B.L.	Classics in Sanskrit.	15	4th to 20th November
4.	Dr. Thomas, M.A.	Comparative Religion.	3	21st to 23rd November
5.	Mr. K. Rama Pisharoti, M. A.	Kerala Stage.	4	25th to 28th ,,
6.	R. P. Setu Pillai, B. A., B.L.	Silapathikaram—its historical and literary values.	2	2nd and 3rd December
7.	Mr. K. Subramanya Pillai, M.A. M.L.	History of Tamil Culture.	3	4th to 6th December
8.	Mr. N. Balarama Ayyar	Sanskrit Nyayas and metres in Tamil Literature.	2	9th and 10th December
9.	Mr V. Narayana M.A., M.L.,	Early Tamil Literature.	3	1st, 3rd & 4th February

The Hostel.—The great event of the term was the unveiling of the portrait of Mahatma Gandhi; Mr. Satyamurti presided on the occasion and made a speech which was worthy of the subject.

Mr. K. Sundaresan, who was Secretary of the Representative Council since the beginning of the year, resigned his office, and Mr. K. S. Venkataraman was elected to the place.

Mr. A. P. Madhavan Nair has been acting as the Superintendent in charge of purchases and in special charge of Section VII.

Mr. Sivasankaranarayana Pillai has replaced Mr. Ramamurti as Resident Tutor in B. E. D. ground floor.

There were the usual terminal Feasts in all the Sections—excepting Section VI which enjoyed an excellent High Tea at which the Vice-Chancellor was present. (An Excellent Feast has been given by this Section also since these Notes were first written.)

The Union.—The second term began with the election of Mr. P. R. Anantanarayanan as Secretary. There were 12 meetings in all—5 Ordinary, 3 Extraordinary and 3 Business meetings.

At the extraordinary meetings, Mr. K. Sanjiva Kamath spoke on "Scouts and Scouting", Mr. S. Satyamurti, M. L. C., on "The Future of our Universities" and Mr. C. Achyuta Menon on "Universities and the Vernaculars".

As usual, various topics of current interest were debated at the ordinary meetings.

The English Language and Literary Society.—There were three ordinary meetings held during the second term as against seven meetings during the first term. The subjects discussed were "The Function of Criticism", "Keats," and "Dr. Johnson" The attendance on the whole was satisfactory and the papers, bearing as they did on Examination" topics, were listened to with

appreciation. It has been the practice in this Society for two or three teachers to be present at the reading of the papers and one of these usually wound up the proceedings with criticism or supplementary comment. This is a desirable feature and it is hoped that it will continue, inasmuch as it brings together the teachers and the taught in an atmosphere of discussions on equal terms apart from, yet supplementary to, the *Ex cathedra*" pronouncements of the lecture-hall.

An extraordinary meeting announced for the last week of term, on Dec. 18th., at which the Head of the English Department was announced to speak on "Two little-read 17th century writers; (*a*) Marvell and (*b*) Fairfax" had to be put off to the first week of the next term as many of the students were busy reading for the Terminal Tests. The adjourned meeting was held on January 12th. A further Extraordinary Meeting of the Society was held on the 4th February, at which Mr. S. P. Ragland (Tutor in English) addressed an appreciative audience on the "Love poetry of Browning". Mr. A. Pillai of Presidency College, Madras, member of the Board of English Studies, was announced to deliver a lecture entitled "Some Thoughts on Oratory, Ancient and Modern" to the Society on February 8th, (when the Board held its meeting) but, as the lecturer was overtaken by sickness during his visit, the fixture had, unfortunately, to be put off.

The principal speakers were Messrs. P. R. Anantanarayanan, M. P. Sundararajan, R. Rajagopalan, and Prof. Thorn and Mr. Swaminathan. The Secretary for the Second term was Mr. R. Srinivasan, and the Chairman Mr. C. N. Chandrasekharan. The Secretary continued in office during the third term, while the Chairman was Mr. R. Rajagopalan.

The History Society.—An extraordinary meeting was held on Nov. 27th, when Mr. T. Lakshmana Pillai, B.A., the poet and composer, presided and Mr. S. K. Govinda-

swami, B.A. (Hons.) spoke on "The Political Ideas of the Tirukkural."

The Economics Society.—At the extraordinary meeting held on Oct. 18th, Mr. K. Venkataraman, M.A., Agricultural Research Officer, spoke on "Crop Production in relation to Agricultural Economics." There were three ordinary meetings at which the following subjects were discussed :—"Economic Motives," "The future of Labour" and "Cottage Industries in India."

The Philosophy Society.—There were two extraordinary meetings :—One at which Dr. Sen spoke on "The Buddhist Philosophy of Error" and the Vice-Chancellor presided; and another at which Mr. C. T. Srinivasan spoke on "The Reality of Time and Space" and Prof. L. F. C. K. Thorn presided.

The Science Association.—It is a regrettable fact to note that we had not good opportunities of having extraordinary meetings in this term of the year because of the frightening selection examinations in the middle of the term.

But the one which we had on 16th December 1929 by Rao Bahadur P. V. Seshu Iyer Avl., B.A., I.E.S. (Retired) on "The Nature of Mathematics" was good and brilliant. Mr. A. Narasinga Rao, M.A., Dean of the Faculty of Science and President of the Association presided on the occasion.

The Tamil society.—The Tamil society has to its credit six meetings of which one was extraordinary. Mr. T. A. Letchmana Pillai, B.A. delivered an inspiring and interesting lecture on "The Comparative study of Tamil and Malayalam." In the course of his speech he pointed out that several suitable Tamil terms could be discovered for expressing the scientific ideas of the West, by a scrutiny of the technical expressions used by Smiths and Doctors and men of similar occupations among the Tamil and Malyalee people. He exhorted the speakers of the Malayalam language to resort to Tamil for inspiration instead of

drawing largely upon Sanskrit resources, since Malayalam without its Sanskrit accretions is a dialect of Tamil pure and simple.

President: Mr. K. Subramania Pillai, M.A.
Secretary: ,, T. Subramanian.
Chairman: ,, N. P. Chokalingam.

The Sanskrit Society.—A business meeting of the above Society was held on 18-9-29 to enrol members. About 82 members joined the Society on the whole.

On Monday, the 23rd. Sep. 1929 an extraordinary meeting of the Society was held in the No. 1 English Hall at 5 p.m. when Mr. Achuta Poduval spoke on "Our aims and Ideals".

Brahmasri Mahamahopadhyaya, Sastracharya, Dandapaniswami Dikshitar, Chief Tutor in Sanskrit presided on the occasion.

It is regretted that not even a single meeting was held in the second term, because members were not forthcoming to take up subjects. It is hoped that some improvement in this respect will be shown during the coming term.

The Dramatic Club.—The Club started in the second term, with Mr. V. R. Adige as Vice-President and Mr. A. I. Jesudasan as Secretary. The Club is busy organizing a Variety Entertainment and a Tamil Drama which will both come off shortly. [An account of the performances has now been received and is given below.]

The Social Reform Club.—This term being a short one with selection and terminal examinations, the Club met only four times. Of these, the first was a business meeting in which a programme of work for the term was drawn up. At this meeting Mr. Nataraja Pillai was elected co-editor of the Club's magazine. The next two meetings were held on the 8th and 29th November.

Mr. Baghat Ram Kumar addressing the Club on the 8th said that the three 'Essentials of Life' were (1) Unity of

life (2) Mutual interdependence and (3). Change. He then pointed out that if only these were understood by our countrymen, then there would be perfect unity between the different factors that are at variance with each other at present. In the meeting held on the 29th, the Club considered 'Virgin Widow Remarriage', the lead being given by Mr. R. Venkataraman. The Club was fully aware of the fact that recent legislation would put a stop to the increase of such widows in the future, and therefore the discussions centred round the means of relieving the present lot of virgin widows. Mr. Ragland (elected chairman) speaking on the point said that the best solution will be to turn the hitherto-undiscovered powers of these women to teaching the ignorant and curing the diseased.

On the 6th December '29 the Club was at home to its President Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganathan, M.A., I. E. S. A photo of the Club was taken on the occasion. Then the editors presented the second number of the Club's magazine. After tea the members adjourned to indoor games.

The Club is very popular this term, and there are 35 members as against 22 in the previous term. Attendance at all the meetings has been satisfactory.

C. R. SIVASUBRAMANYAM,
Secretary.

Annamalai University Andhra Sangham.—"The Andhra Sangham" an association of the Andhra students was started on 4th Nov. 1928 with the purpose of "keeping aglow the distinctive spirit of the Andhra culture and Andhra language in the heart of the Tamil country," and its inaugural address was delivered by M.R.Ry. P. Lakshmikantham, B.A., Research reader in Telugu, Madras University, on 20th Jan. 1929.

In an extraordinary meeting held on 6th Dec. 1929 M.R.Ry. L. K. Govindarajulu Naidu Garu, B.A. B.L., Director of Physical Education, Annamalai University,

spoke on the Andhra Movement when M.R.Ry. V.S. Subba Rao, M.A. presided.

Office Bearers:

S. E. Ranganathan, Esq., M.A.,I.E.S., *(Vice-Chancellor) President.* (*Ex-officio*)

Mr. V. Jagannatha Rao, 3 H., *Bursar.*

Mr. T. Subbaramayya, V. B., *Secretary.*

" Annamalai University Malayalee Club."

Ex-officio Patron: Mr. S. E. Runganatham, M.A., I.E.S., (Vice-Chancellor.)

President:	Mr. K. Rama Pisharoti, M.A., L.T.
Vice-President:	,, V. I. Vaidyanadhan, M.A.
Secretary	,, C. Kittunni Menon.
Committee Members	,, K. P. Govind.
,, ,,	,, M. G. Gopal Krishnan.
,, ,,	,, P. S. Padmanabha Iyer.

The Club began its activities on the " Onam Day " with the Vice-Chancellor of the University in the chair. Light refreshments were served and in a discourse, a vivid discription as to how the day is celebrated among the Malayalees was given.

After the inaugural address delivered by Mr. K. M. Unnithan, I. C. S., two ordinary meetings were held in which the Subjects treated were " Vallathol Kavitha " and " Bhashabhivridhi ". An extraordinary meeting of the Club came off on the 30th. Nov. when Mr. C. Achutha Menon, Reader in Malayalam, University of Madras, gave a speech on " Universities and Vernaculars ".

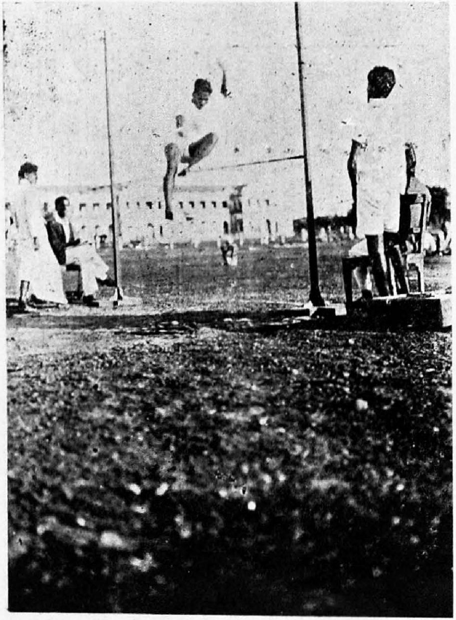
C. KITTUNNI MENON,
Secretary.

" Athletic Sports."—Except for the Intramural matches played in August and September, intensive practice in the various games played in the University became difficult

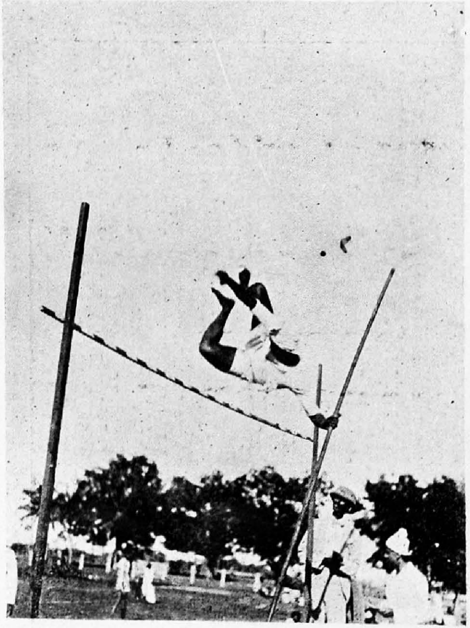
during the last three months on account of first, of thorns and then, of the rains. Of about 30 practice matches played so far, more than twenty were played during the first term.

Intramural tournaments in Badminton, Basketball, Cricket, Football and Volleyball were organized in November. In Badminton, the B.A. team, with the Captain of the Club for its skipper has come to the finals. In Cricket, the East-Cheap has won an easy victory by beating the West-End and almost crushing the Staff Eleven. The League Tournament in Volleyball is yet to be completed, the Honours Classes Team leading so far. The Staff Team probably entertained great hopes in Volleyball; but the encounter with the Second Class Team which lasted over four days (and included three drawn matches) should have proved that their hopes were in vain.

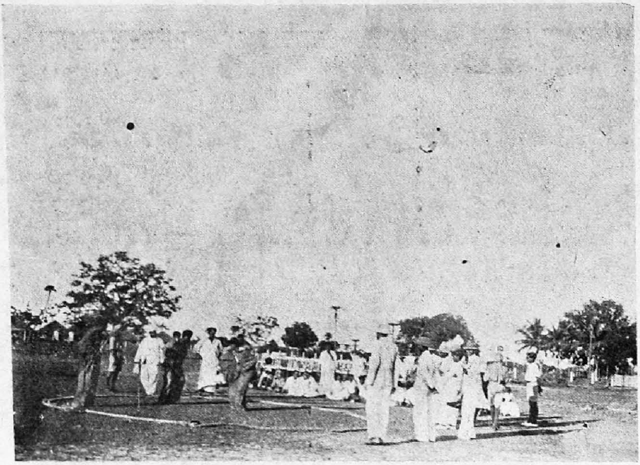
A number of matches with neighbouring clubs were played during the term. The University Teams in Badminton and Volleyball played in the Cuddalore Y. M. C. A. Tournaments and came up to the finals, the Badmintion Fives Team winning the Runners-Up Medals. The Cricket Club played a match with the Madras Minerva Cricket Club in our grounds but could not put up an effective fight. A match with the Madras West-End Club should have been played on the 5th November last but weather conditions made it impossible to play. The Football Team met on our grounds the Cuddalore Y.M.C.A. Team and won: almost the first victory for football in this place for some years. The Hockey Team visited Cuddalore; but had no luck in either of the two matches played with the Town Hockey Club and the Reserve Police Team. The recent matches played in Tennis with the Cuddalore Union Club should show the need for intensive practice and for greater understanding in partnership.



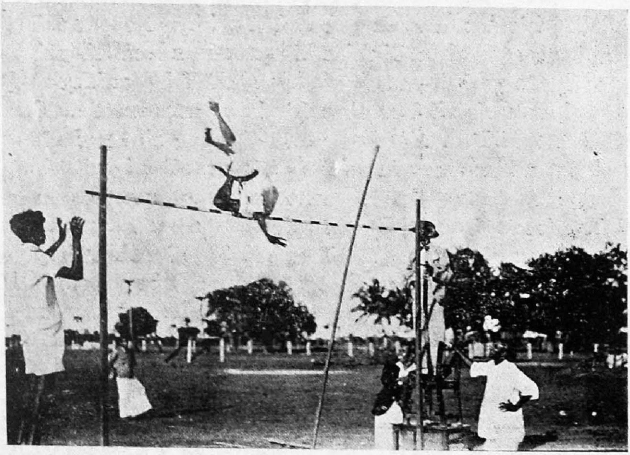
HIGH JUMP:
S. N Rajan (Inter-collegiate Meet.)



POLE VAULT:
S. N Rajan (Inter-collegiate Meet.)



"SACKS AND SMILES," University Sports, '30.



POLE VAULT: S. N. Rajan's Record Jump.

During the third term, Intramural tournaments will be played in Hockey, Playgroundball and Tennis. The Tournaments in other games will be continued and completed. The District Tournament in Tennis will come off early in February; and will, it is hoped, be a great occasion. The University Sports will most likely be held in February. An efficiency Athletic Test open to all the students and members of the Staff is proposed to be conducted. [A separate account of the University and Inter-Collegiate Sports is given below.]

THE UNIVERSITY AND INTER-COLLEGIATE SPORTS

The Annual Sports of the University were held on the 13th and 14th Feb., 1930. About 23 competitors entered. There entered one team from each of the Inter, B.A. and B.A. (Hon.) classes. For the Relay Race, two teams, both from the Inter Classes, entered. The first places for the various events were secured by the following :—

100 yds. Dash	...	U Ramaswami	II Class
120 yds. High Hurdles	...	U. Ramaswami	"
220 ,, Dash	...	G. Venkatanarasimhan	II ,,
440 ,, ,,	...	K. M. Gopalakrishnan	IV Hon. Class.
One Mile Race	...	A. S. Ramaswami	I ,,
High Jump	...	C. Ayyaru	I Class.
Long Jump	...	K. M. Gopalakrishnan	IV Hon. Class.
Pole Vault	...	S. Adhikesavan	IV ,,
Shot Put	...	M. Sethuraman	IV-B ,,
Sack Fight	...	N. Subramanian	III ,,
Fancy Dress	...	K. S. Venkataraman	III Hon. Class
Musical Chairs on Bicycles	...	N. Subramanian	III Class.
Tug of War	...	B.A. Classes	
Relay Race	...		
Obstacles Race	...		

The results of the Tournaments held in the various games are :—

Badminton Fives	...	B.A. Classes
,, Doubles	...	B.A. ,,
Basket-Ball	...	,, ,,
Cricket	...	"Eastcheap"—the East Section of the Hostel.
Football	...	Inter Classes
Hockey	...	B.A. Classes
Tennis Singles	...	D. Sivaraman III Class
,, Doubles	...	M. Krishnamurti (I Class) and L. K. Govindarajulu (Staff)
Volleyball	...	B. A. (Hon.) Classes.

Inter-Collegiate Athletic Competition :—The competition was started for purposes of encouraging athletic efficiency in the University. The Founder of the University has made a generous donation of Rs. 500/- for that purpose, and the amount was utilized for for three trophies : One for Track & Field Athletics, one for Cricket and the other for Tennis Singles. All these trophies will be used in Inter-Collegiate Competitions. The Tournaments in Tennis and Cricket could not be held during this year for want of time. The Inter-Collegiate Athetelic Competition was, however, proceeded with, in order that a start be made. Apart from the University, three colleges participated: Bishop Heber's of Trichinopoly, Findlay College of Mannargudi, and the Chiristian College of Madras. The Competition was an eye-opener to most students of the University ; and it is hoped the Competition next year will be marked with great enthusiasm and better results for the Home Team. S.N. Rajan of Bishop Heber's College, the Champion Athlete of the Meet, and P.M. Ramaswami of the Findlay College, deserve to be congratulated for their splendid display on the day. Bishop Heber's won the first place and Findlay,

the second. A good many students of the University and members of the Staff helped the Athletic Committee a great deal in the preparations for the Meet.

L. K. GOVINDARAJULU,
Director of Physical Education
20th Feb., 1930.
Annamalainagar.

T. B. I. MATTHEW,
Member in Charge,
Track & Field Club.

THE ANNAMALAI UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC CLUB, 1929—1930

Patron : The Pro-Chancellor.
President : The Vice-Chancellor.
Vice President : V. R. Adige, Esq.
Secretary : A. I. Jesudasen, Esq.

The Club gave a Variety Entertainment on Friday, the 21st Feb. 1930 to a crowded and highly appreciative audience which included Mr. H. C. Papworth and Father Carty besides the Vice-Chancellor and members of the University. The programme included several musical items, notably a duet by Messrs. Thorn and Matthew. Mr. Thorn reappeared in several other items, the "Vicar of Bray" being the most popular. Mr. S. K. Govindaswami's rapid sketching, and the singing of "Prof. Abdul Ahmad Khan" and of Mr. D. Sivaraman evoked much applause. Mr. Jesudasen gave a powerful rendering of Mark Antony's oration. Mrs. S. E. Runganadhan kindly accompanied all the English songs on the piano. The main event of the evening was the staging of Moliere's "The Doctor in spite of Himself" in which the title part was ably sustained by V. R. Adige, admirably supported

by Mr. Henry Runganadhan as Martine. The Vice-Chancellor in his concluding speech remarked upon the happy circumstance that the members of the staff and the students had contributed equally towards the success of the evening and thanked the Rajah of Chettinad for his handsome donation to the Club.

On Saturday, the 22nd Feb. the Dramatic Club staged Mr, Sambanda Mudaliar's "Lilavati-Sulochana," Mr. C. T. Srinivasan being responsible for the production. The part of Lilavati, the villainous sister, was played with convincing realism by Mr. G. Venkatanarasimha. Mr. R. Rajagopalan as the Jester raised roars of laughter. The other actors acquitted themselves creditably.

The Club offered two prizes to the two best student actors and these were won by Mr. Henry Runganadhan and Mr. S. V. Venkataramanan, the former for his Martine in Moliere's farce and the latter for his Sridhatta in "Lilavati-Sulochana.,'

THE ANNAMALAI UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY

Since our last report appeared in the "Miscellany", there have been important changes in the personnel of the Board of Directors. Dr. Mukhtar and Mr. G. V. Krishnaswami Iyengar, our first President and Vice-President respectively resigned their posts early in October. Then the Vice-Chancellor was kind enough to agree to be the President of the Society, and nominated Dr. T. Vijayaraghavan to the Vice-Presidentship.

The Society started functioning on the 25th October, and the record of progress we have been making since then is by no means discouraging. We have realised over Rs. 6,000 in sales. There are at present over 40 members on the rolls, and the share capital subscribed is well above Rs. 500. Our thanks are due to the Pro-Chancellor who has accommodated the Society with a loan.

The rates obtaining in the Society are as a rule lower than those of the local market.

As a preliminary step to the registration of the Society under the Co-operative Society Act, the senior non-credit Inspector of Co-operative Societies formally organised our Society in December last. The papers in connection with the registration are still pending with the authorities and we hope that in any case before the end of the academic year the society will be a registered one.

Our thanks are due to the Vice-Chancellor and the Warden of the University Hostel for their abiding interest in the Society, and the help which they have never grudged extending to us.

(Sd). P. A. MADHAVAN NAIR,

21—1—'30. *Secretary.*

Since the Miscellany was sent to the Press we learn the Government of India has been pleased to confer the honour of RAO BAHADUR upon our Vice-Chancellor. We offer our heartiest congratulations to the Vice-Chancellor on this auspicious occasion.

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